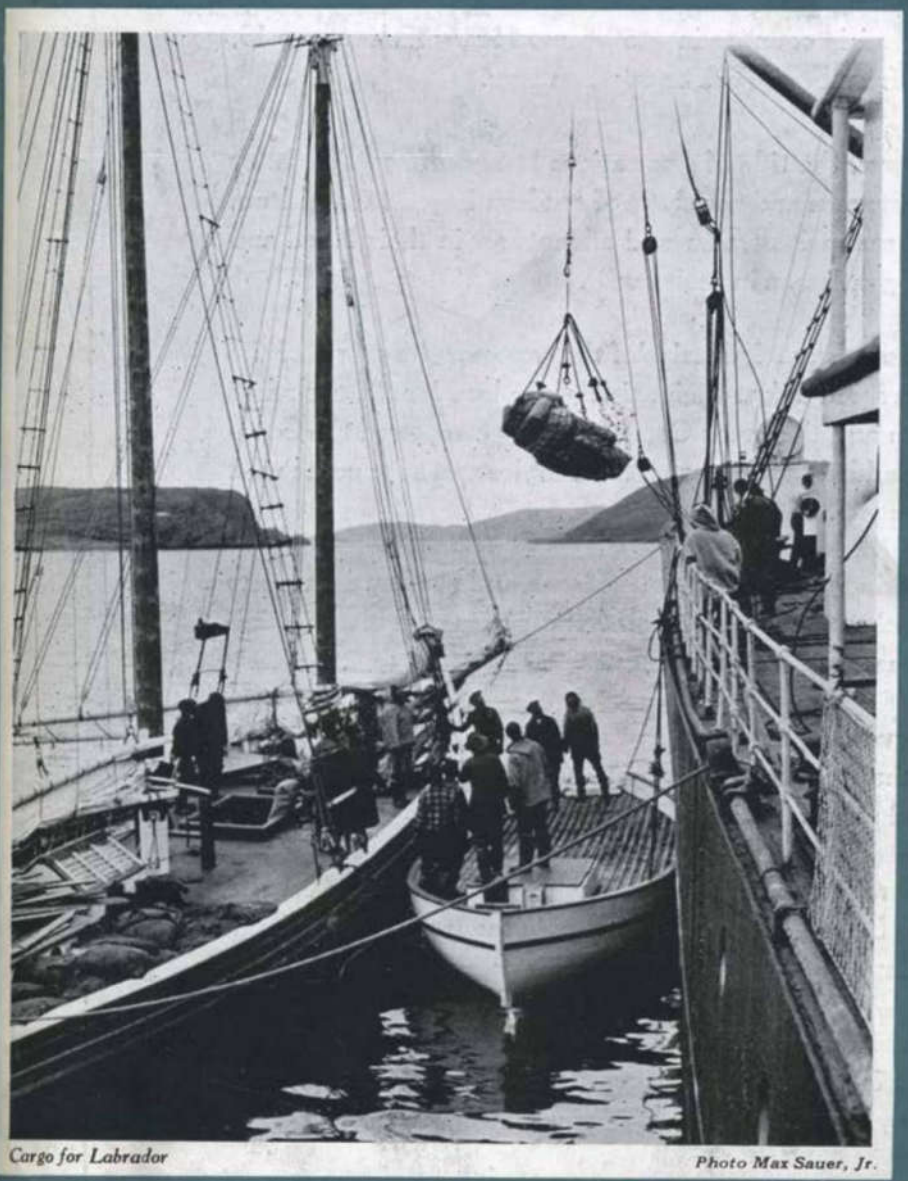
The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



Cargo for Labrador — *Photo Max Sauer, Jr.*

OUTFIT 264
NUMBER 2

The Blanket in the Alps
—d'Egville

A Simple Fur Trade Tale
—Anonymous

The Governor-General at Moose Factory
—Note by R. H. G. Leveson Gower

The Stampede
—Fred Auger

Trail of Memory
—Arabus

Still Trading into Hudson Bay

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
Hudson's Bay Company
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

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Into this prairie country in 1690 came Henry Kelsey, age 19, Fur Trader, from Fort York on Hudson Bay.

After this boy, the tide of generations brought from the valley of the St. Lawrence and the shore of Hudson Bay a race of lean, full bearded men with trader and adventurer in their blood and scholars and gentlemen in their ranks.

Neither the Rocky Mountains of the west nor the shores of the Arctic Ocean could defeat their spirit of exploration. In the name of the Crown and the great Company, they conquered the Canadian winter, added vast areas to the Empire and kept peace with the native people.

The pioneering years of settlement came, and the frontier traders became merchants to the cities of the plains and the administrators of vast areas of farm lands.

Jealously guarded throughout two hundred and sixty-three years have been the traditions of honourable dealing, quality of merchandise and public service.

From Labrador to the Yukon, from the international boundary to Baffin Land, the men and women in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company are conscious of this great heritage.

The spirit of the Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay is not dead. It flourishes today, and tomorrow it will continue to serve the Company, Canada and the Empire.

From a panel of the Hudson's Bay Company Exhibit, Regina Grain Exhibition.

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HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE — WINNIPEG, CANADA

OUTFIT 264 — SEPTEMBER 1933 — NUMBER 2

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THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is circulated to employees and is also sent to friends of the Company upon request. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, under the direction of Douglas MacKay, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. *The Beaver* is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company in all its departments throughout Canada. *The Beaver* assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged.

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Address: *The Beaver*, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

Viva Italia!

From the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company to General Balbo at Cartwright:

"The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay extend to you their greetings and warmest congratulations on safe arrival of the first air fleet at their trading post Cartwright on the Labrador coast first visited by your illustrious compatriot, Sebastian Cabot, in 1498. They send you their heartiest good wishes for successful completion of your great adventure."

From General Balbo, commanding the Italian air fleet, at Cartwright, Labrador, to the Governor of the Company:

"I have very much appreciated the greeting of the great Hudson's Bay Company and the kind reference to the great Italian Cabot who first opened to civilization this land rich with possibilities for the future."

THE HBC PACKET

SEPTEMBER, 1933, brings the Governor of the Company to Canada for the third year. In the autumn of 1931, Mr. P. Ashley Cooper travelled across Canada and back on his first official tour, in the course of which he met hundreds of the men and women of the Company and inspected the offices in Eastern Canada and the larger stores throughout the West. In 1932, in the late summer weeks, he returned, spending several weeks reviewing the Company's affairs in Canada, extending his tour as far north as Fort Smith on the Slave river and visiting all the stores except those at Nelson and Kamloops. This refreshing relationship established between the Governor and the employees has been a source of renewed confidence to everyone, and the impression left by Mr. Cooper upon the business and official groups in Canada, as reflected in the press, as a result of these tours has been of enduring significance. On both occasions Mr. and Mrs. Cooper have been the guests of the Governor-General at Ottawa and welcomed by the representatives of the official life everywhere in the Dominion. These visits to Canada are more than brisk tours of inspection of personnel and physical property; they are not only the visits of the head of a great corporation to the scene of Company activities but they are symbolical of an inter-Empire relationship which, though it may be relatively new to many modern industries, is part of the very fabric of the Hudson's Bay Company. The phrases expressive of Empire trade have become British household words during these past few decades, but to the Hudson's Bay Company this economic structure has been the commonplace of centuries.

Consequently, the visit this year of the Governor is both an expression of inter-imperial commercial relationships and of flourishing, healthy understanding between proprietorship and employee in a great British company. As the white flag of the Governor bearing the arms of the Company flies from the mastheads of stores, warehouses and trading posts this year, many of us will have cause to pause and reflect upon the courage and enterprise not only of those who have preceded us in this Company, but upon the initiative and foresight of those who direct the affairs of the Company of Adventurers in our own troubled days.

* * * * *

"You can't sell groceries on history." And that's a fact. But history will sell other things, and if you have any doubts about it examine the travel business and ponder upon the thousands of people who travel thousands of miles to visit historic spots. Don't dismiss history too quickly as an aid to selling. History may not interest you personally, but never forget that uncounted multitudes, at great personal inconvenience, visit historic shrines throughout the world each day, each week and each month in the year. They get sunstroke going to see the pyramids, seasick going to Niagara Falls, and homesick going to Europe. They get blisters on their feet prowling about old churches of Montreal; they blow out their tires to visit Washington's home at Mount Vernon; and they risk their necks to kiss a Blarney Stone. And they all spend their money to do it. History has, in the jargon of advertising, pulling power. It kept you up nights to read "The Three Musketeers." You didn't leave the theatre in the middle of such pictures as "The Birth of a Nation," or "Robin Hood," or the "Covered Wagon," or "Cavalcade." History will continue to grip the imagination. And all of the above is written in support and encouragement of the two modest museums of the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg and Vancouver, which are attracting more than four thousand interested persons each month.

On the morning of August 3, the Winnipeg store was honoured by a visit from Her Excellency the Countess of Bessborough, accompanied by Mrs. E. C. Harte, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. Her Excellency was greeted at the main door by Mr. George W. Allan, Chairman of the Canadian Committee, Mr. G. F. Klein, manager of the store, and Mrs. Torrance. Lady Bessborough found an interesting comparison between the Winnipeg store and the fur trade post at Moose Factory on James Bay, where she was last in touch with the activities of the Hudson's Bay Company.

* * * * *

Between the men of the Hudson's Bay Company and the men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police there has always been a bond of cordial relationship and co-operation. Since the famous two-thousand mile march of three hundred of the force in 1874 from the Red river to the Rockies, the Company's men have always stood by the police in the support of law and order and in the protection of civil power. On more than one occasion in those days, the Company's officers, having the confidence of the Indians through a lifetime of experience, stood between the natives and the armed forces when bloodshed seemed inevitable. In the history of empire it is an axiom that "trade follows the flag." In the Company's story it has been the reverse. It was trade that came first both on the prairie and in the Arctic, and when the police came into the far North to establish legal possession for the Crown, it was from the Company's men that they learned the manner of life in the North. The association continues, and the journals of events from the posts frequently refer to incidents of goodwill and mutual assistance. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police is this year celebrating its Diamond Jubilee, but the 2,500 officers and men of the force will not mark the anniversary with any undue festivities, which is perhaps quite in order for a body with a tradition of unostentatious devotion to duty.

* * * * *

The Governor and Committee had the privilege of entertaining at luncheon at Hudson's Bay House on Monday, 10th July, 1933, the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada. P. Ashley Cooper, Esq., Governor, presided. Those present were the Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, High Commissioner for Canada in London, Brig.-Gen. Sir A. Maxwell, Thomas A. Russell, Esq., Lieut.-Col. J. B. P. Karslake, E. R. Peacock, Esq., and Sir Evelyn Wallers.

The Governor, in welcoming Mr. Bennett and proposing his health, expressed the satisfaction and appreciation of the Committee that they should have the honour of entertaining the Prime Minister of Canada in Hudson's Bay House, particularly at a time when he was taking so important and active a part in the deliberations of the Monetary and Economic Conference now being held in London.

Mr. Bennett, in replying, spoke at some length and outlined the international situation. He also enlarged upon the economic condition of Canada and the relationship of her primary and manufacturing industries, with special reference to the tariff and monetary policies which are being followed by the Canadian Government.

He also congratulated the Governor and Committee on the progress they were making towards restoration of the fortunes of the Company which was evidenced throughout the whole of Canada. The Prime Minister then inspected the Company's pictures and archives.

* * * * *

The Beaver has been fortunate in securing unpublished extracts from the autobiography of Norbert Welsh as told to Mary Weekes, of Regina. Welsh, who was the son and grandson of Hudson's Bay Company men, was born on the Red river. He died in March, 1932, blind, at the age of eighty-eight, at Lebret, Sask. Mrs. Weekes, of Regina, was fortunate enough during his last months to secure from him reminiscences of his life as a buffalo hunter and Indian trader. The chronicles are the very fibre of the history of Western Canada.

"I met Norbert Welsh for the first time at his home at Lebret, Saskatchewan, with a group of pioneers who were visiting him on his birthday," states Mrs. Weekes. "These men of the old Northwest spoke about the fort at Qu'Appelle when it was the centre or meeting place for Indians, trading parties and scattered settlers. It was not upon the hardships of the early days, however, that the memories of these men dwelt, but upon the glamour and romances that had heralded the opening of the Saskatchewan country. Although Norbert Welsh was not an educated man by modern standards, he spoke seven languages, English, French, Cree, Sioux, Blackfoot, Assiniboine and Stoney.

"I realized that this blind old voyageur of the plains had a story to tell and asked him if he would let me write his experiences. He replied that many people had asked him to tell the story of his life in the Northwest, but that he had never done so because he was particular with whom he did business, adding that he liked my voice, and if I would come the next day he would tell me about the buffalo days."

Extracts of Mrs. Weekes' manuscript were published by *MacLean's Magazine* during the past winter and the accuracy of the statements made by this aged and illiterate man were checked by L. M. C. Thompson, editor of the Topographical Survey of Canada and associate editor of the Northwest Historical Society, and found to be correct in every case. Sir Frederick Haultain, chief justice of Saskatchewan and premier of the Northwest Territories from 1891 to 1905, has this to say: "Norbert

Welsh is not only a type, but an individual as well, one of a generation which, like the "Waning Herds," has either completely vanished from the earth or is rapidly disappearing, and in most cases leaving no history, but only a memory. . . . It is a story full of rich and interesting tales for everyone, and it will help to recall to many of us the colour and romance of the old Northwest."

Mrs. Weekes, a descendant of Baron Claude de la Tour, is the wife of M. B. Weekes, director of surveys for the Province of Saskatchewan, and the mother of three sturdy young Westerners.

* * * * *

In a world where most of the people are straining to secure the barest necessities of life, it might seem that the subject of dignity is not timely. Yet in the face of the rising tide of hot-dog stands along the highways and beach pyjamas on city streets, someone must think and act in terms of the simple dignities left in this life. So it is in the world of business. The Ezee Slide Suspender Co. Limited, The Zip Bottle Top Corp. Limited, or the firm of Itzzenburgle, Smuggintop and Bump, all suggest the melancholy state of business dignity in our time. Nothing, of course, can be in more acute bad taste than the assumption of false dignities and spurious coats of arms by a corner fruit store. But between these extremes there are grand old names which in their very simplicity suggest four-square solidity, mellowed age and true dignity. Out of all the clutter of false fronted names the words "Hudson's Bay Company" lift themselves with simple and significant emphasis. Writers who have won great places for themselves in literature have expressed the hope that they will never become so dull as to miss the thrill of seeing their own best work in print. It is so with hundreds of the men and women of this Company. Time and distance will never change for them the feelings of confidence and pride in the appearance of the familiar name on a letterhead, on a building in some strange city, or on a ship in an unfamiliar port. The Old English letters (over which advertising lay-out men mutter typographical oaths) have become a genuine asset to the Company by reason of the rigidity of the rulings governing their use over many years.

* * * * *

For the information of those who are reading *The Beaver* for the first time, a note on the significance of the term "outfit": Since the incorporation of the Company in 1670, the word "outfit" has meant one trading year. That is, Outfit No. 1 was the trading year ending 1671, Outfit 100 was the trading year 1771, and Outfit 263 is the trading year ending in 1933. In all departments except the Fur Trade, the trading year ends January 31, but the seasonal nature of fur trading brings that department's year to an end on May 31. *The Beaver*, because of its close association with the fur trade, the senior branch of the service, continues to use the outfit number of that department.

* * * * *

It is the vogue among companies just now to "point with pride" to expansion or building activities of any kind as being part of any movement to better times. In this vein we feel that we must draw attention to some of this Company's present construction activities in the North, at the same time hastening to avoid any economic forecasts which are outside of our field of endeavours.

At Fort Churchill in the Nelson River district—two-storey store and warehouse, frame construction, 30x50 feet. The roof will be covered with a fire resisting material, red asphalt slate, and the walls with fire resisting asphalt red brick covering. This is a new material recently introduced on the market and very attractive, and is made in Brantford, Ontario. Building will be insulated throughout with fireproof mineral wool, hardwood flooring, and wired for electric light. It will have a large plate glass front. The building contractors are Messrs. Macaw & Macdonald, of Winnipeg.

At Red Lake in the Superior-Huron district, situated north of Hudson, Ontario, where the Howey gold mines are, and north of Lac Seul—frame construction store and warehouse, two storeys and basement, 30x70 feet. Messrs. Macaw & Macdonald, of Winnipeg, are the contractors.

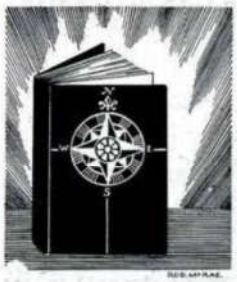
At Fort Smith in the Mackenzie River district—warehouse building, one storey, 40x180 feet, wood construction on piles. Contractor, J. L. Arnett, of Edmonton.

At Fort Fitzgerald in the Mackenzie River district—store and warehouse, two storeys and basement, 30x56 feet, frame construction. Contractor, J. L. Arnett.

* * * * *

Alertness in the recognition of obsolete methods or machinery is one of the marks of sound business practice. In an ancient company, the application of this principle must frequently cut across the deep current of history and of human sentiment. The account in this issue of *The Beaver* of the passing of Fort a la Corne is an instance of this all important recognition of obsolescence, and it is satisfying to note that this post was not allowed to slip off the account books into the past without a readable and informative footnote to fur trade history by Frank H. Geddes.

It will be our purpose in *The Beaver* to review books of special interest to the Company. Naturally the range is wide and, as will be seen in this issue, there is scope for books on tea and books on Arctic exploration. We will report on current books which publishers send to us and will from time to time comment on some old and worthy books which relate to the Hudson's Bay Company. We cannot promise to review—nor can we keep pace with—the flood of crime fiction, but a genuine effort will be made to keep readers informed and advised on books touching upon the activities of the Company, particularly those dealing with the North. We confess that we look forward with more than a little anticipation to some exposing and debunking of the gaudy fiction which borrows the Northland for a background and reveals its author's ignorance on every page.



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The life and works of fur traders are serious business, and apparently always have been if one is to judge by the literature on the subject. Anyone examining the literature of the fur trade from Kelsey's Journal to the district fur trade notes for *The Beaver* of Outfit 263 must be impressed with the rarity of a sense of the comic. Consequently, it is with high enthusiasm that we welcome the appearance of the "Simple Fur Trade Tale" by an anonymous Northern writer. And with equal enthusiasm we grasp the opportunity to illustrate it with two cartoons by d'Egville, whose drawings are known to readers of *Tatler*, *Bystander* and *Judge*. If the fur trade will continue to provide tales of entertaining value, the editor will endeavour to secure d'Egville cartoons for the entertainment of *Beaver* readers.

* * * * *

Names make news. How few of us had heard of Campobello, New Brunswick, until President Roosevelt went there to his summer home. To most of us Lossiemouth meant nothing until it became known as Premier MacDonald's home. Similarly Cartwright, though known to us in the Company and to people of the eastern seaboard, meant nothing to the news reading public until Balbo's air armada swept down out of the northeast. Suddenly Cartwright, Labrador, appeared as a newspaper date line throughout the world. Maps were published with black lines showing the progress of the Italian seaplanes as far as Cartwright. But when Balbo's ships took to the air again, all was not quiet again, for within a few days came Colonel Lindbergh making a great circuit in the direction of Greenland in search of a new air route between Europe and America. Cartwright became news again. It is not idle speculation to suggest that Cartwright, with its admirable harbour, will be a name in large type on the air route maps ten years from now and that the Hudson's Bay Company house flag will fly over buildings specially adapted for accommodating transatlantic traffic.

* * * * *

Because the world at large forms its opinions of a company largely through the men and women associated with that company, we are all, whether we like it or not, in the advertising business. So it is well for us to reflect upon advertising from time to time. It is not an over statement to say that until advertising has won the confidence of the public it has created nothing of permanent value. Most people know instinctively that high-pressure selling is crooked. They may fall for it, but they do not believe. They know they are being tempted but are not convinced, and those who yield react with a bitter hatred to the tempter. To adhere to honesty in advertising is to express the belief that dishonest advertising is a slow deadly poison. Honesty in advertising will inevitably create for business the priceless asset of public confidence.

* * * * *

Starting with nothing but an idea two weeks before the World Grain Exhibition at Regina opened, the Hudson's Bay Company created an exhibit which, for dramatic "eye-catching" quality, was pronounced by popular verdict to be equal to the best—and the standard was very high. On short notice, the Company took over one hundred and eighty feet of centrally located display space in the quarter-of-a-million-dollar building erected for the grain show. A committee from the Canadian Committee office drew up the plans and within a few hours, architects, artists, sign painters, plasterers and carpenters were at work. The services of Mr. E. R. Lownds and Mr. A. Dick, of the Winnipeg store, were secured and the plan proceeded with a co-ordination that was almost beautiful. Carpenters, shippers, scene painters and even the photographers entered into the spirit of the time and found satisfaction in excellent workmanship. Vancouver historical exhibit loaned model forts. Winnipeg historical exhibit loaned the Red River cart and many other relics. The Winnipeg store loaned display material. A relief map of Canada, eighteen by thirty feet, was made and coloured in thirty sections and shipped, still damp, to Regina, where it was assembled with perfect co-ordination. An old-time trading outpost was constructed of logs, stocked with goods by the fur trade department, and managed by Mr. J. J. G. Rosser, of the Fur Trade department, Prince Albert. Titles and captions for the entire display were written with the card writer at the elbow. The opening of the doors found everything in perfect shape after a rather heroic effort. It is regrettable that the photographs reproduced in this issue cannot do justice to the colour and high lighting of the exhibit, but it is a matter of some satisfaction to those who toiled on the job that all those from the Company who saw the exhibit were proud of their Company's share in a great exhibition where most of the governments of the world were represented.

In writing about the visit of the Governor-General to Moose Factory in *Saturday Night*, of Toronto, Nicholas Ignatieff states:

"The Hudson's Bay Company post, besides having many historic associations and enabling the stranger to meet a group of genial men who spend much time travelling to distant posts scattered along James Bay and in the interior, is of great interest because it is part of what still is one of the greatest trading companies in the world. It is appropriate that this organization should adopt a principle which if extended in the business world might hold a clue to recovery. Recently the Company rented some 7,000 square miles of territory from the Quebec government between the Rupert and East Main rivers, where a beaver reserve will be established at considerable expense. An official of the company said: 'When there is no beaver, the Indians are poor and we are poor. Prosperity for the Indians means prosperity for us. We intend to spend some money making the Indians more prosperous.' An entirely sensible attitude. If big business grasped this truth and worked it out there might be hope for the prosperity both of the working man and of big business."

* * * * *

"Within a measurable period, in the lifetime of your generation, it is my opinion that Canada will be the greatest producer of gold in the world. You are only now at the boundaries of your possibilities and, observing the most significant discoveries of the last few years, I should say that the country is now securing only a fraction of the gold that remains to be discovered and mined."—Dr. Andrew C. Lawson, famous geologist, in *Gold* for July, 1933.

* * * * *

From the New York *Herald-Tribune*, 12th June, 1933: To Harvard University's Institute of Geographical Exploration there has been given a valuable library collection which includes several rare accounts of early voyages of exploration in America. The collection of nearly one thousand separate items has been presented to the university by Mrs. Joseph Tuckerman Tower, of Millbrook, N.Y. It includes principally books, maps and documents which were collected by her son, Joseph Tuckerman Tower, jr. (Harvard '21), who died in Mexico in 1931. Mr. Tower had planned to give his collection to the institute. One of the items is the Hudson's Bay Company's proclamation issued in 1688 by King James II restricting trade in the Hudson Bay area to members of the Hudson's Bay Company. The only three other copies known to exist are at the British Museum, the Bodleian Library in Oxford, and the public record office in London. The proclamation is in the form of a large folio broadside, printed in black letters and surmounted by the royal coat of arms. There are several early volumes describing the voyages of Martin Frobisher, who first set out in 1576 to find a "northwest passage" to China. One is a copy of "Beste's Discovery," written by a shipmate of Frobisher and considered the most authentic account of Frobisher's three voyages.

From a gentleman who signs himself "Another Old-Timer," we receive the following: "Having noticed in an advertisement that a contractor had a Hudson's Bay "Point" Blanket still sturdy and serviceable after fifty-seven years' use, Mr. W. D. B. Scott, of Montreal, advises he still has in active service a 3½-point Hudson's Bay "Point" Blanket which he purchased in 1866 while an apprentice clerk with the Hudson's Bay Company under the late Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal). This blanket he used continually during his thirty-four years with the Company.

"After his retirement, it was covered with silk panels and used as a bed comforter. Quite recently, when the cover was taken off for cleaning purposes, the fluffy wool was still showing on the old blanket. This blanket has been in continuous use for sixty years."

* * * * *

On the door of one of the most stately mansions in Montreal there is a simple brass plate which bears the inscription, "My Mother's Home." It is the Canadian home of Lord Strathcona, and for some years after his death the buildings and grounds were tenanted only by the old staff of servants. A chance remark regarding the need of a building in which gentlewomen in reduced circumstances might find a haven of rest in their declining years was the seed sown in the fertile soil of the kind heart of its founder. And now this great group of palatial dwellings, together with the furniture and rugs just as Lord Strathcona left them, has been converted by Lord Atholstan into a magnificent sanctuary.

* * * * *

Writing of Cameron Bay on Great Bear Lake, Frederick B. Watt, of the Edmonton *Journal*, states, "Last year it was a concentration point of parties still feverishly staking claims, a sprawling tent city with a store and a wireless cabin as its only permanent structures. Today there are twenty-five buildings ranging along the streets of the surveyed townsite and other buildings rapidly rising. It has become a typical mining town with a strong touch of the fur trading North thrown in. Air traffic is so constant in and out of the harbour that the comings and goings attract little or no attention. The pilots are piling up imposing records of flying hours, taking advantage of the constant daylight." The second annual excursion and picnic to Great Bear Lake (all expenses Edmonton to Bear Lake and return for $390) was held on August 4.

A Simple Fur Trade Tale

By AN ANONYMOUS FUR TRADER

High Adventures of Mr. Uktukaluk

MR. UKTUKALUK, an Eskimo, lived in a snug ice house up near the North Pole. Mr. Uktukaluk's name means funny-little-man-with-pig-eyes; so he preferred to be called Donald MacPherson, after a distant relative of his in Scotland.

Shaving in his glittering bathroom one morning, Mr. Uktukaluk heard his wife calling to him: "Donald, I really feel ashamed to go and see the Lukatukuks, because my beads are so shabby. I haven't a thing to wear." This was worrying, for Mr. Uktukaluk had noted the growing shabbiness of the wifely beads, and he didn't like the idea of her going to visit the Lukatukuks unless she was smarter than they were. Finishing his dressing in his Sunday suit, he went down to his wife and said: "My dear, I am grieved that you should feel shabbily dressed, so I have decided to go and see the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay."

"What! All of them?" said his wife.

"Well, as many of them as I can," he said, "for I am sure they will understand how very awkward all this is."

Mrs. Uktukaluk prepared some tomato and cucumber sandwiches and gave her husband a flask of hot tea, and he set out for the nearest Hudson's Bay Company post. After travelling all the winter, one fine spring morning he reached the post, knocked on the door, raised his hat politely to the housemaid who answered, and asked to see the post manager.

The post manager was not very busy because the spring mail had not arrived from the district office, so he told the housemaid he would see Mr. Uktukaluk.

"Well, Mr. MacPherson, this is indeed a pleasure. And how is Mrs. MacPherson? Quite well, I hope," said the post manager.

"Yes, thank you, she is," replied Uktukaluk.

"May I offer you a whisky and soda," asked the post manager. "As a matter of fact, I don't think you should accept one, because you are an Eskimo. However I must offer you one in order to live up to the traditional hospitality of the Hudson's Bay Company." So the post manager drank alone in Uktukaluk's honour.

They talked for a time, and then Mr. Uktukaluk said: "Look here, Mrs. MacPherson hasn't a thing to wear; her beads are terribly shabby. Please give me some nice dresses and a pound or two of beads and I'll be getting back."

"But, my dear sir, the Hudson's Bay Company is not a philanthropic institution," said the post manager. "I can't do that."

"Oh, isn't it, and can't you?" said Mr. Uktukaluk. "I thought it was and you could."

"No, you have been misinformed; but I'll tell you what. Go and catch some white foxes and bring me their pelts, and then I'll buy them from you. With the money I give you, you can buy Mrs. MacPherson a lot of things."

Mr. Uktukaluk said that was splendid, and he would go and catch some white foxes.

So he went off home to tell his wife, eating the cucumber half of his sandwiches on the way. His wife was at home when he arrived, and she thought it was a good idea too. "But how do you catch foxes," she inquired.

"Dear me," said Mr. Uktukaluk, "I forgot to ask. I must go right back. You might put me up some more tomato and cucumber sandwiches and some tea, but put a little more sugar in the tea this time."

Mr. Uktukaluk chased white foxes all the rest of that winter, and all through the spring, but never got near enough to put salt on their tails. However he did find two dead foxes, and on his way home found some hanging up outside Mr. Lukatukuk's house. So he was able to set out for the post again with ten foxes.

"Hurry," said his wife. "I'm so shabby I can't put more than my nose outdoors."

Mr. Uktukaluk got to the post, retaining some sandwiches and tea for the homeward journey. He hastened to the post manager.

"I've got ten foxes for you," he said.

"Good," said the manager. "But how thin you've got."

"Yes, haven't I?" said Uktukaluk. "It was pretty hard work chasing foxes."

The post manager was in a good humour that day because there hadn't been any mail from the district office for several months.

"My dear sir, I am so sorry," he said. "I never meant you to chase them and put salt on their tails. I owe you a thousand apologies."

"Is that a good price for them?" said Uktukaluk.

"Let's see the foxes," said the manager.

The dead ones were not much good, and the ones Uktukaluk had found outside Lukatukuk's house were not particularly fine, but the post manager was in a good temper.

"I'm afraid these foxes are not up to much," he said, "but I feel I must compensate you for the chase I gave you, so I will give you $2,000 for the foxes. Would you like to buy a radio with non-skid tires?"

Mr. Uktukaluk bought a radio, a fountain pen, and a bottle of Black and White ink, and was just leaving when the post manager called after him, "Oh, I say, what about those beads?"

"Just give me a handful and a couple of cheap dresses and a hat," said Uktukaluk carelessly.

So he set off home with his bundles, stopping on the way to finish his sandwiches. [*Continued on Page 63*

Back at the post door once more, he asked the housemaid to inquire from the post manager how he should catch foxes. The district office mail had just arrived, so the post manager was not in a good temper. "Tell him to chase them and put salt on their tails," he said to the girl.

Mr. Uktukaluk was surprised to learn this was the way to catch foxes, and he hurried home, stopping only once to finish his sandwiches and tea. He arrived just after Christmas.

"I have to chase them and put salt on their tails," he told his wife.

"What a funny idea!" she said, "but you'd better begin. I'll put out your old suit and you can take the kitchen salt cellar."

The Governor-General Visits Moose Factory

Greetings from His Excellency to the Governor of the Company—Moose Factory by R. H. G. Leveson Gower

THE visit of Lord Bessborough, Governor-General, and Lady Bessborough to Moose Factory is admirably reported in the Journal of Events of that post for June 9 and 10, while the cables exchanged between His Excellency and the Governor express the historical significance of the occasion.

Their Excellencies left with J. W. Anderson, post manager, autographed photographs which now have an honoured place in the factor's residence.

His Excellency The Governor-General of Canada

From the Journal of Events

"Friday, 9th June, 1933—*Opinaga Lake* left Factory Island for Moosonee at 8.30 a.m. with members of the staff and white residents on board. At 10 a.m. Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Bessborough alighted from their special train and were received by G. S. Cotter, agent for Revillon Freres, who acted as mayor. Mr. Cotter's address was as follows:

" 'Your Excellencies and Ladies and Gentlemen: On behalf of the people of Ontario's new seaport, I take the greatest of pleasure in extending to you all a sincere and hearty welcome. May I, though, remind Your Excellencies that, in spite of the fact that you have come so far, you are not in an altogether new country. Over two hundred and fifty years ago the French and the British were fighting for possession of it. When the country did finally come under the protection of the Union Jack or British flag, it has, if I may express it in this way, remained true and a loyal outpost to one of the greatest empires the world has ever known. You will find during your stay here a lot to interest you, and we hope that when you depart that, beside taking back a few souvenirs of the place, you will also take back some pleasant memories and that you will look back on this trip in the light of an interesting experience. As an expression of sincerity and of welcome, we respectfully ask Her Excellency the Countess of Bessborough to accept this basket of flowers.' (The flowers were presented by Miss Audrey Beemer.)

"The following were then presented to their Excellencies by Mr. Cotter: Mrs. Cotter; J. W. Anderson; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kingston, T.N.O.; Doctor and Mrs. W. L. Tyrer, Department of Indian Affairs; Mr. and Mrs. James Brawley, Imperial Bank; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Twiner; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Watt; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Beemer, T.N.O.; Mr. N. A. Wilding; Rev. Father Lavoir, Roman Catholic mission; Rev. Jos. Blackburn, Anglican mission; Mr. and Mrs. J. Elliott, T.N.O.; Misses Turner and Ridgedale, of the Anglican mission.

"Their Excellencies, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Cotter, then visited Revillon Freres' establishment and the 'James Bay Inn,' where luncheon was served. The Hon. Chas. McCrea, Minister of Mines, in his introductory remarks paid tribute to the Hudson's Bay Company's large part in the development of the Northland; and in his reply His Excellency pointed out that he was the first governor-general to visit Moose Factory or vicinity, and also could claim the distinction of visiting Moose Factory before the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, a fact which he intended to convey to our Governor by cablegram from Moosonee. His Excellency also expressed the desire to have his own flag flown from the Hudson's Bay Company mast, but unfortunately, through an oversight, his flag had been left behind and what would have been a very interesting event had to be abandoned. At 1.45 Their Excellencies boarded the *Opinaga Lake* for the crossing to Moose Factory, arriving at the post at about 2.20. The Indians were all lined up on the bank, and immediately upon their arrival Their Excellencies proceeded to the factor's residence, where the newly elected chief of

the Moose Factory band delivered the following address in Cree:

" 'We, the chief and councillors of the Moose band of Indians, on behalf of our people, welcome you and your Lady, the representatives of our Great White Father across the sea, to this island which has been the camping ground of our forefathers for generations.

" 'Our people have always been loyal to the British Crown and in times of necessity have fought by the side of their white brothers.

" 'It was here that our people signed the treaty pledging their loyalty to their ruler, and on this great occasion we wish to reaffirm our pledge.

" 'Our hearts are glad that you have come to see us, and we hope that your lives will be as untroubled as our woodland lakes. May the sun shine on you and yours for many years, bringing health and happiness.'

"The above translation was given by the district manager, to which His Excellency suitably replied, and the district manager again acted as interpreter. His Excellency then pinned the badge of office on the newly appointed chief, and a copy of the chief's speech with English translation on parchment was presented to His Excellency.

"The party then proceeded to the museum and forge, where the old blacksmith, William Moore, was presented to Their Excellencies. After viewing the old cemetery, powder magazine and Indian houses, Their Excellencies returned to the main building. The Governor-General went on to the church and the Anglican mission, where the children were smartly dressed and drawn up in military array outside to greet him, in charge of Miss Ridgedale, assisted by Miss Turner and Mr. Card. His Excellency and party then returned to the district manager's house, where tea was poured by Mrs. Twiner, assisted by Mrs. (Doctor) Tyrer and Miss Ridgedale, matron of the mission school. After tea Their Excellencies embarked on the *Opinaga Lake* to return to Moosonee.

"The official party was made up as follows: His Excellency the Earl of Bessborough and Her Excellency the Countess of Bessborough; Hon. Chas. McCrea, representing the Province of Ontario; Miss McCrea; George W. Lee, chairman T.N.O.; A. Lascelles, Esq., M.V.O., M.C., secretary to the Governor-General; Capt. E. C. Colville, A.D.C.; Capt. R. Stuart-French, A.D.C.; Mr. Knox, manager Hollinger Mines and Mrs. Knox; Mr. Bickle, manager McIntyre Mine.

"Saturday, June 10th 1933—The pre-arranged schedule of the vice-regal party was altered considerably this morning, due to wet weather. Their Excellencies left at noon on the *Opinaga Lake* for a cruise to Ship Sands, returning to Moosonee at 4.15. Immediately upon their return two canoe races were staged, one for men and one for women. His Excellency presented the prizes, consisting of provisions donated by all of the storekeepers at Moose Factory and Moosonee. Their Excellencies then proceeded to their private train and the official visit was over. The Governor-General's petty staff visited the island this afternoon in company with Sergeant Gardiner of the Ontario provincial police."

Cables—Moose Factory and London

Governor Hudson's Bay Company
Bishopsgate, London, England.

On arrival Moosonee, Ontario's first seaport, by railway completed last year, have visited your historic post Moose Factory. Being first occasion Governor-General has ever been here where Ontario's oldest and newest communities join hands, desire send you these greetings.

BESSBOROUGH.

His Excellency Governor-General
Governor-General's Train Canada
Moosonee, Ontario.

On behalf of Committee of Hudson's Bay Company and myself, I send you our loyal service and express our grateful appreciation of your encouraging greetings from Moose Factory. Your visit forms a historical milestone in the long history of the Company.

ASHLEY COOPER,
Governor.

Early History of Moose Factory

It is felt that a few remarks regarding the early history of Moose Factory may not be amiss, and it is interesting to reveal that it is one of the oldest Hudson's Bay forts and that as early in our history as February 1st, 1672, the Governor and Committee resolved to build a fort at "Mousse bae," whilst it was ordained that the ship *Wivenhoe* "bee sent thither with some brickes and nayles to serve for ordering the forts." It is recorded that in this year the Company constructed "Hayes Island" post near the site of the present Moose Factory, and that it was at one time the residence of Charles Bayley, the first of the Company's governors in North America.

In 1680, Governor Nixon was ordered "to keep on said factory where it now is upon Hayes Island in Moose river and there to keep our chief strength to

[*Continued on Page 63*

Left to Right—Mr. Knox, Manager Hollinger Mine; Mr. Bickell, Manager McIntyre Mine; Indian Women; Capt. Stuart-French, A.D.C.; The Governor-General Presenting Prizes for Indian Women's Canoe Races at Moosonee

Farewell to the SS. Nascopie

The Governor Flies to Ardrossan to Bid Her Farewell And to Speak on an Historic Occasion

WHEN the Company's steamer, the *SS. Nascopie*, left Ardrossan Harbour on 17th June, 1933, for Montreal a tradition of two hundred and sixty-five years was broken.

Throughout the years since 1668, when the *Nonsuch*, a fifty-ton ketch, set sail from England for the shores of Hudson Bay to discover the Northwest Passage and find trade for furs, minerals and other commodities, the Company's ships have left the United Kingdom with supplies for the fur trade posts in the Arctic, returning in due course with cargoes of furs collected from the posts.

With modern improvements in means of communication and regular ocean transport services between Canada and the United Kingdom, it is no longer necessary for the Company to send a ship from the United Kingdom, and in future the *Nascopie* will remain permanently in Canadian waters under the administration of the Canadian Committee.

The Governor of the Company, Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, is a busy man and at one time it seemed that he would be unable to achieve his desire to mark the occasion by a visit of inspection to the *Nascopie* and to wish Captain Smellie, his officers and crew Godspeed.

However, in the same way that the aeroplane in 1932 made possible visits to various of the Company's fur trade posts in the Northwest Territories, so, with similar facilities, the Governor was able to make the visit to the *Nascopie*.

On the evening of 15th June, the Governor left Croydon air port in a de Haviland Puss Moth piloted by Captain W. L. Hope, of King's cup fame, accompanied by Mr. J. Chadwick Brooks, the secretary, in a similar aeroplane piloted by Captain Allen.

The flight over the Midlands and the West Coast from Liverpool docks to Solway Firth proved most interesting. An unexpected thrill was experienced amongst the Ayrshire mountains, where the travellers, when within twenty miles of their destination encountered a severe storm, the mountains becoming enveloped in dark, heavy clouds. Captain Hope, who was navigating on behalf of both planes, decided that owing to the

The Governor Flies North from London to Bid Farewell to the Company's Ship. Left to Right: Mr. J. Chadwick Brooks, Secretary Hudson's Bay Company; Captain W. L. Hope, Pilot; and Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, Governor of the Company

threatening conditions, which were gradually becoming worse, it would not be possible to get through, and therefore reluctantly altered his course with the intention of returning to Solway Firth, thence to proceed north again, if possible, by the coast. In the rapidly gathering gloom of Scotch mist and driving rain, visibility was very bad and, under the prevailing conditions, it was not a matter of surprise that the two small 'planes lost sight of each other. After a few anxious minutes of search, however, contact was again established and the flight southward resumed.

Shortly afterwards, Captain Hope saw a break in the heavy clouds to the westward, and rapidly changing direction, followed by Captain Allen, the mountains were safely negotiated and at 9.30 p.m. a perfect landing was made on the race course at Ayr. The night was spent at Ayr, famous as the birth-place of the poet Robert Burns, and the journey to Ardrossan was continued by car the following morning, the Governor and the secretary arriving about 11 a.m. on board the *Nascopie*, which was flying the Governor's flag and fully "dressed" for the occasion.

After a complete inspection of the vessel, the Governor and the secretary attended a luncheon in the saloon, at which Captain Smellie presided, the company present including representatives of shipping, county and municipal interests.

After the luncheon the Governor addressed the company as follows:

"Captain Smellie and Gentlemen, in the first place may I welcome here Provost McDowal and Mr. Wood, representing the Borough of Ardrossan. We are glad to see also Mr. Kincaid, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Hopperton and the rest of you gentlemen who have done us the honour of coming here to-day.

"Before going further with my speech, I feel that I should express to Captain Smellie our thanks for a very admirable lunch. At the same time I must point out that he has not entertained us with the prodigality which used to be the custom some years ago. I have been looking up our records to see what we might expect in the way of refreshment and found that we should be provided with breakfast at 10 o'clock, a large luncheon, and an equally large dinner in the evening. Nothing was forgotten, and I have no doubt that adequate carriage arrangements were provided for those who found themselves unable to walk.

"Perhaps, though, I should state in all fairness that that was in the year 1866.

"It gives me very great pleasure to meet you all on board our good ship the *Nascopie* on an occasion which is a memorable one in the history of the Company, of which I have the honour to be Governor.

"Two hundred and sixty-five years ago, on the 30th March, 1668, the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay purchased for £290 their first vessel, the *Nonsuch*, a ketch of about fifty tons. On the 3rd June in that year she set sail with forty-two souls on board, carrying the British flag to the shores of Hudson's Bay.

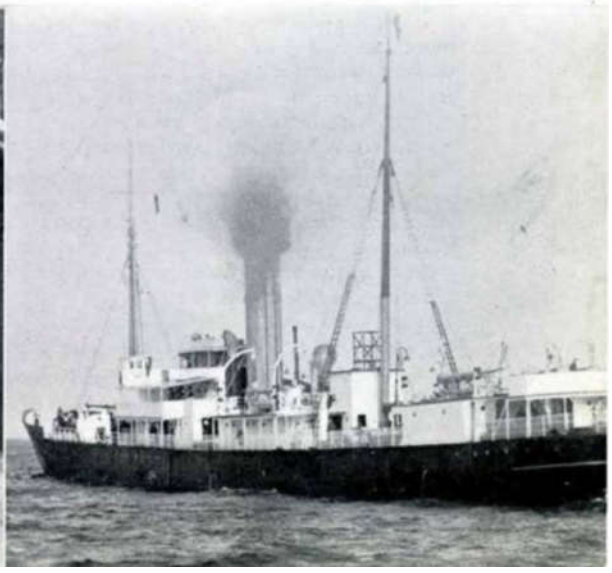
"Since that day the world has seen great changes in many directions, and not the least have been seen in the building of ships. The *Nonsuch* was a small wooden vessel: to-day we see in the *Nascopie* a steamer of steel, with modern machinery, equipped with wireless and specially strengthened for ice. Captain Smellie will tell you that this enables him to steer the vessel through the ice fields with perfect confidence.

"Throughout the years since 1668 the ships of the Hudson's Bay Company have left these shores with supplies of merchandise, food stuffs, etc., for the fur trading posts in the Arctic, returning in due course with cargoes of fine furs.

"With the discoveries of science and modern inventions, the conduct of all branches of commerce has been revolutionized. The fur trade is no exception. Present day requirements and the intensity of competition demand constant changes in our methods of operation. With modern improvements in communication and transport and regular ocean services, it is no longer necessary for us to send a ship from this side of the Atlantic. We anticipate the *Nascopie* will remain permanently in Canadian waters and her fur collection each year will be

The Governor with Officers of SS. Nascopie

Farewell to Ardrossan



shipped to England by the regular liners for sale in London, the centre of the world's fur trade.

"To-day, therefore, we break with a tradition which is two hundred and sixty-five years old, and this may indeed be the last occasion on which the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company will make an inspection of the Company's vessels on this side. Of how few things can it be said without emotion, 'It is for the last time!'

"This visit of mine marks a definite link between the old and the new, for, as you know, I have just arrived from London by aeroplane.

"Last year, in Canada, I was able to visit some of our fur posts in the Far North. That was the first time that a Governor of the Company had visited the Northwest Territories. The old means of transport by canoe or dog team would have made such a journey impossible in the time at my disposal. By the use of aeroplanes I was able to accomplish in a matter of days what would have required the same number of months by the old methods. That is why I regard the aeroplane as a permanent part of the Company's equipment. During my tour of Canada last year, I was able to fly from Edmonton along the Athabasca river and Lake Athabasca, past the mouth of the Peace river and down the Slave river, visiting our fur trading posts in these districts.

"At these posts, which are typical of the two hundred and thirty fur posts operated by the Company, fur trading continues uninterruptedly with the Indians and Eskimos. Each year they are furnished with an outfit of all they require of food, clothing and hunting and trapping requisites in return for their collections of furs.

"The term 'outfit' has a particular meaning in connection with our fur trade and has been in use since the Company's incorporation in 1670. The term originally signified 'stock and supplies for one year,' and indicates one trading year of our fur trade department. The first trading year of the Company commenced in 1670, when supplies were purchased and shipped to Hudson's Bay. These supplies, with the resultant fur collection, were designated 'Outfit No. 1.' The supplies sent to the posts in 1933 and the fur collections resulting therefrom will therefore comprise Outfit No. 263.

"To-day we are in the midst of a world crisis, with widespread depression and unprecedented unemployment in every land. We meet here at the commencement of the World Economic Conference in London where statesmen representing all nations will grapple with problems of monetary policies, exchange, price levels and tariffs, in the hope of finding a solution which will lead to a recovery of domestic and international trade and prosperity.

"The Hudson's Bay Company has not escaped without trouble. But we do not despair, for the old Company has seen and survived many crises much more serious than those occasioned by falling prices.

"I have already referred to the increasing intensity of present day competition. But in days gone by the Company's men were often engaged in active warfare, and their posts were sacked and burned by their rivals. The old posts, such as Fort Charles, Fort York, Moose Fort and Fort Prince of Wales, were, as the names imply, real forts armed to resist attack.

"Time and again the Company's forts were seized and burned, all except one. Even the French navy failed to wipe out all. There always remained one at least, a foundation on which to rebuild. The Company went on from strength to strength until in 1870, when, by a Deed of Surrender, they handed over to the Imperial Government the bulk of what we now know as the Dominion of Canada.

"With the transfer of the *Nascopie* to Canadian waters, the last of our London shipping interests, which at one time were of great proportions, disappears.

"During the Great War the Company in London acted as purchasing agents for the French Government in Canada, the United States and other parts of the world and organized large shipping services. During the years 1915-1919 the quantity of goods transported exceeded 13,000,000 tons, in addition to passengers and troops. By December 1919, there were two hundred and eighty-six vessels loading under the Company's organization, with an aggregate deadweight tonnage of 1,158,000. One hundred and ten ships were lost through attacks by the enemy. But the Company's vessels occasionally had their revenge. For example, in June 1917, the *Nascopie*, shortly after leaving Archangel for Montreal, was attacked by a large enemy submarine. The fourth shot from the *Nascopie* guns caused a great explosion aboard the submarine, which disappeared.

"I am sure Captain Smellie is glad to be back in his old ship again. He was originally appointed master of the *Nascopie* in 1917, and commanded her in active service on the North Russian coast. He continued to command her till 1926. Since that date he has been actively engaged for the Company in other affairs. He is now once more on board ready for another voyage to the Arctic.

"I have little doubt that in these trying times some of us would be only too glad to accompany Captain Smellie and for a while forget our cares 'on the old trail, the out trail, the trail that is always new.' If Captain Smellie should find Mr. Kincaid or myself figuring as stowaways I hope he will make allowances for our great temptation and administer nothing more drastic than a stern command to return promptly to our duties ashore.

"It now only remains for me to express my pleasure in having been able to take the opportunity of inspecting the vessel before her departure and to ask you to join with me in drinking the health of Captain Smellie, the officers and crew, and wishing them Godspeed and a prosperous and pleasant voyage.

"Gentlemen, the toast is, 'Captain Smellie and the Ship's Company of the *Nascopie*'."

Captain Smellie, in thanking the Governor on behalf of officers and crew for his visit and good wishes, expressed appreciation of services rendered by the Ardrossan dockyard and harbour representatives, the Company's agents, Messrs. T. L. Duff & Company, and Mr. Marr, of the Hudson's Bay Company's London head office. [*Continued on Page 66*

By Their Books We Know Them

By GERALDINE REARDON, Winnipeg

PROBABLY nowhere in the behind-the-counter zones of contact is the entire gamut of human emotions viewed to better advantage than in a book department. Here, if one is a student of human nature, one learns to perceive at a glance the true book lover, the wise, the would-be-wise, the utterly stupid and that most awful of pests, the inane pretender. There is the opinionated know-all who rudely rejects your well intended suggestion; there is the timid soul who fears to take up your time; there is the questing one whose hungry soul burns in his eyes; there is the weary job-fagged man whose mere approach sends you scurrying away from shelves of weighty thought to light inconsequential reading; there is the I-will-impress-you fellow, from whose opening remarks that teem with mispronunciation of names and titles you know to be a great big bluff; there is the kindly tolerant one who recognizes classic works and handles books with that gentle tenderness with which one might fondle a yellowed letter from a loved one long departed. Let me take you through a short adventure in the book stalls:

Up betime and energetically to dust and arrange the shelves of books—good, bad and indifferent. To wait the mincing approach of one of flighty mind, who titters, "Have you a little black man?"

Taken aback, and about to blurt "No, we don't lay claim to even a white one," we think better of it and recall that "The Small Dark Man," by Walsh, would probably fill the bill. It does. We do, and resume routine.

"Oh, my dear, I'm sure you can help me out. I've just joined a study club and I do so want to be up on everything. Yesterday they mentioned 'Let's be Miserable,' by, I think, Victoria Hugs. Have you got it?" We turn abruptly to suppress a snicker and, with fervent apologies to Victor, reach for "Les Miserables."

He glowers under bristling brows (born-to-command type) and, " 'Man's a Mess,' do you know it, girl?" We grin in malicious agreement and Linklater's "Men of Ness" is parcelled up for adoption by its splutteringly embarrassed purchaser.

"What do you know about 'Open Confession'?" The years had left tragic traces in her eyes. Why, we wondered, did her mind veer to confession, or open ones that would obviously not be good for her soul? We did some fast thinking. Then we gratuitously supplied light chatter on the virtues of Priestly and Bullet's riotously funny mystery unravelled in "I'll Tell You Everything." It was what she wanted!

He resembled nothing daintier than a coal heaver as he ambled in and about our prized section of gorgeous classics. We shuddered to think of grimy hands mauling those precious possessions. But his eyes were the tolerant kind that revealed nothing but knew much; his voice as soft and modulated as the muted strings of a violin. He spoke of characters who achieved realness under a master touch as of old friends never to be forgotten. He knew them well, those who peopled the pages of olden works. And little by little we pieced together a story of loss, of shattered dreams, of ideals in chaos—his greatest bereavement, the sacrifice of his treasured companions, his books (his home seemed not to matter quite so much). We turned away, so as not to see the misted eyes as they gazed with longing on duplicate volumes of what once were his. And silently, thoughtfully, we walked to the farthest end of the department, painfully conscious that people, like books, should never be judged by their covers.

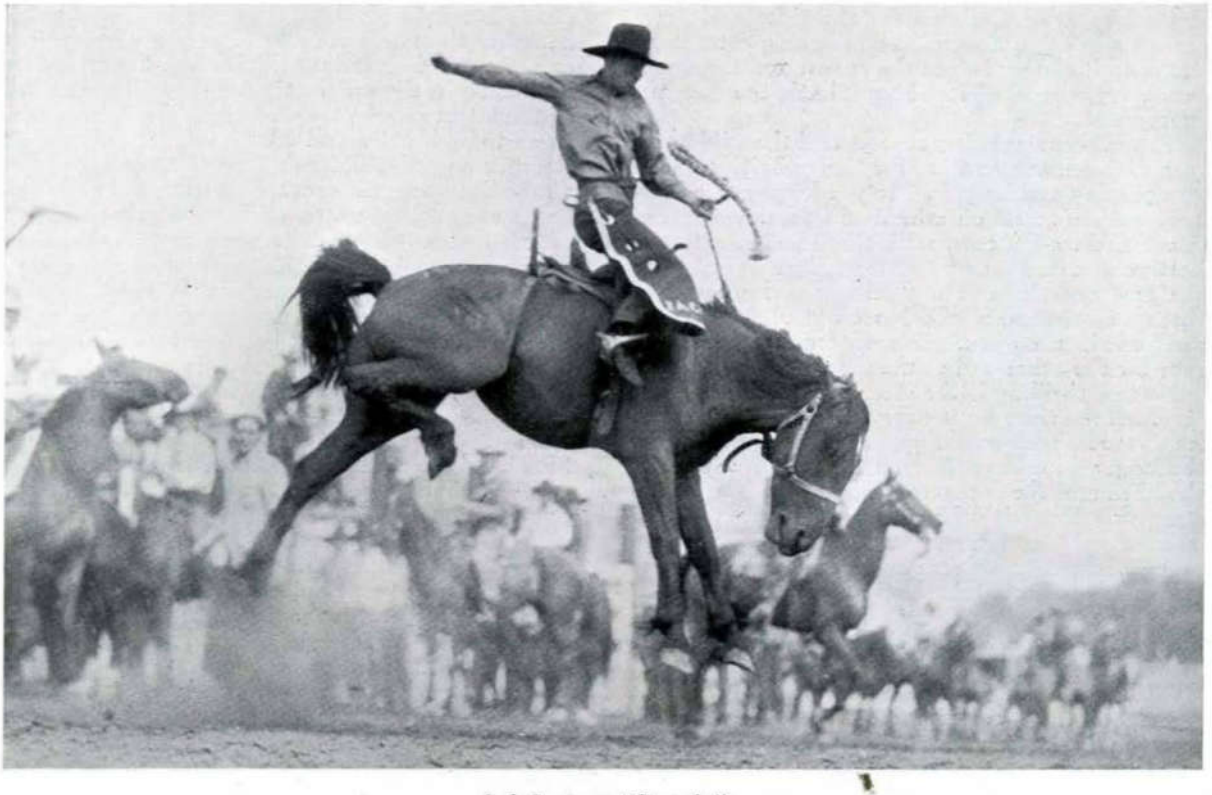
Lower Fort Garry, Looking Northeast. (Photo R.C.A.F.)

The Chuck Wagon Race. One of the High Points in the Stampede.

Calf Roping, a Phase of Ranching Technique Which Becomes a World's Championship Contest at the Stampede.

Photos by Oliver Calgary

The Thundering Herd. The Wild Cow Milking Contest at Calgary's Show.



Jack Cooper on "Strangler"

The Stampede

By FRED AUGER
Calgary

Indians, Police, Cowboys, Soldiers and Hundreds of Horses Make the Calgary Stampede the Most Exciting Show of the West

EDDIE Watrin, of the Bar-U Ranch, High River, Alberta, out of chute number 14, riding Tumbleweed in the semi-finals of the North American championships" is bawled out of a bouquet of loud speakers. The fans slide forward on their seats. An instant later the front gate of chute number 14 swings wide and a squealing, twisting mass of legs and hair plunges straight at the stands. Suddenly the front legs stiffen for a dead stop. The rider appears to land on the mane, but before the horse can recoil to lunge the rider is back in the saddle, his free arm still high in the air, both feet raking spurs "from high front to high behind." The crowd is on its feet with excitement. What a ride! A whistle screeches and a fleet pony darts alongside the maniacal performer. A strong arm lifts the rider clear of the saddle and flying hoofs. The bronco breaks into a gallop and rushes for the corrals. The spectators draw a breath and seat themselves for a momentary relaxation before the next rider again brings them cheering from their seats. That's the Calgary Stampede!

Far up to the left another gate opens. A strong young calf breaks out and heads for the open spaces that look like home. Two seconds later a pony is on its heels. It's going to be a race! The youngster breathes a prolonged bah-h-h-h as it increases its speed. A loop of rope spins through the air, seems to poise for a moment, then drops over the head. The calf lifts its front feet higher to clear the loop, but the pony has already watched the rope drop true and stopped dead to brace itself. The rider comes off as the calf is thrown with the snare. Before it can rise there is a rope around both hind feet and one front foot—two loops and a hitch. Throw the calf over and spring into the air with both hands up. All of that in so little time the much belaboured spectator has hardly realized he has again sprung out of his seat. A moment of silence, and then a voice from the judges' stand announces, "Bob Crosby, of Kenna, New Mexico, roped his calf in sixteen and two-fifths seconds, the best time yet made this week and within two seconds of the world's record set in Calgary last year."

A loud burst of applause for the rider and pony from "way down South." The dancing little mare drops on its knees before the crowd and then canters away, proud of its rider. That's the Calgary Stampede!

The wild cow milking contest and the wild horse race vie with one another for their ability to keep you gasping and laughing. In the former, the cowboys ride *en masse* on a herd of wild range cattle, select and rope a cow, milk three inches into the bottom of a bottle and race for judges' stand to be the first one there. The wild horse race requires three men to lead a wild horse out of the corrals, saddle it in the open, one man climb aboard and race for the other end of the field.

No less thrilling is the steer decorating contest, in which the rider must overtake a galloping steer, leap onto its neck and slip a loop of red ribbon over the long, raking horn. Maybe the ribbon slips over the horn and the decorator jumps free. Maybe the steer stumbles with the extra weight at its head. Then there is a scramble of hoofs and horns and man—and perhaps a ride in an ambulance. Those things happen too. It's the Stampede!

It starts on Monday morning with a parade of everything that's Western. Thousands of cowboys, Indians, ranchers, old-timers, cattlemen, Royal Canadian Mounted Police and military units parade to the tune of more than thirty bands, most of the latter attracted to Calgary by a provincial band contest. This parade is annually more than six miles long. The fact that more than 50,000 of Calgary's own citizens turn out each year to see the giant spectacle parade through its downtown streets speaks highly of the entertainment to be found in this pageant of the West.

Commencing Monday afternoon, and for each afternoon and evening throughout the week, the cowboy contests are staged before the huge grandstand in Victoria Park—the second largest grandstand in Canada, by the way—and are daily attended by more than 25,000 people. For the past five years there has been an average attendance of more than 200,000 people for the week.

It is not possible for a person to see everything at the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede in one day; and, if it was, there is quite as much entertainment in seeing it over and over again. There is a motor show with the latest models of all the popular makes of automobiles. There is an art gallery of work by many famous Western artists, and loan exhibits from the Canadian National Galleries and the Metropolitan Gallery of London. There are many buildings full of agricultural and industrial exhibits. There is the usual midway of side-shows and rides. There is the old settlement of log cabins, a reproduction of earliest Calgary with its Hudson's Bay trading post and police barracks, all surrounded by an Indian village of thirty-five gaily painted teepees.

Too, there are the buildings full of Mrs. Farmer's prize pickles, Mrs. Farmer's daughter's prize school work, and over in the livestock buildings and horse show buildings you'll find Mr. Farmer's bawling calves and snoring pigs and prancing horses, all (with the exception of the snoring pigs) eyeing enviously the marcelled shorthorns and glossy stallions of H. R. H. Prince of Wales' Alberta ranch. There are all manners of government exhibits and industrial exhibits for those who are interested in the eradication of tumbling mustard or the latest developments in combine harvesting. Even though more and 20,000 children gather on the morning of Children's Day to see a parade of all the livestock, the centre of interest for the week hangs about those suntanned cowboy heads adorned with wide-brimmed, tall-crown somberos.

If you thought the whole population of Calgary turned out on Monday morning to see the opening day parade, you'll wonder where the extra thousands came from on Friday night who crowd the downtown streets and mill in and out of the Palliser Hotel to pay their visit to the annual cowboy ball. The asphalt streets are roped off from traffic and a smooth coating of wax is applied. Five bands on a central platform supply the music, and everybody dances. Inside the hotel the dining rooms and ballroom re-echo to a score of old-time fiddles as chuckling old-timers, the real pioneers of the Western plains, guide their partners through the turns and passes of the Virginia reel. It's a gala night for everyone. If you are of the weaker sex, beware. You may stand in ever-so-quiet a corner and act as disinterested as possible, but that is no assurance that some smiling cowboy may not suddenly gather you in his arms and sweep you out into the churning crowd for a dance under the coloured lights. Without being introduced, you say? Of course! That's the Calgary Stampede!

Five four-horse teams hitched to five canvas covered chuck-wagons stand tensely in the centre-field. Five drivers sit on the high seats with eyes fixed on a red flag at the judges' stand. The flag drops. Attendant cowboys throw in the cook-stove and kitchen shade as the wagon clatters away to figure-eight around the barrels. Three teams with a split second start loop their barrels in unison and break onto the track three abreast. The Indian outfit has the rail. Clem Gardner, from Pirmez Creek, with his famous pair of sorrel leaders, is on the outside.

As they round the first turn, the centre team drops back, leaving Clem and the Indian to fight it out. Down the back stretch there is no choice between the two. On the second turn the Indian hugs tight to the rail and comes out on the stretch with a wagon-length lead, but it's going to be a race to the finish. Clem Gardner climbs up to stand on the high-seat. His long snake-like stock-whip reaches out to crack over the galloping leaders' heads. His sorrels respond with a new burst of speed. They're gaining inches at every step. Now they're neck-and-neck with the game little Indian ponies. It's only a yard to the line. One more leap and they cross the line, the sorrels a half a head in the lead. Crowding close behind, in a cloud of dust turned red by the rays of the sinking Western sun, come the cheering, tearing, rip-roarin' riders of each outfit.

As each outfit crosses the line, you find yourself up on your feet, cheering at the top of your lungs. You may have thought you were one of those sober persons, not easily excited. But here—you just can't help it. It's the Calgary Stampede!

JAMES EVANS, MISSIONARY, SCHOLAR AND PRINTER

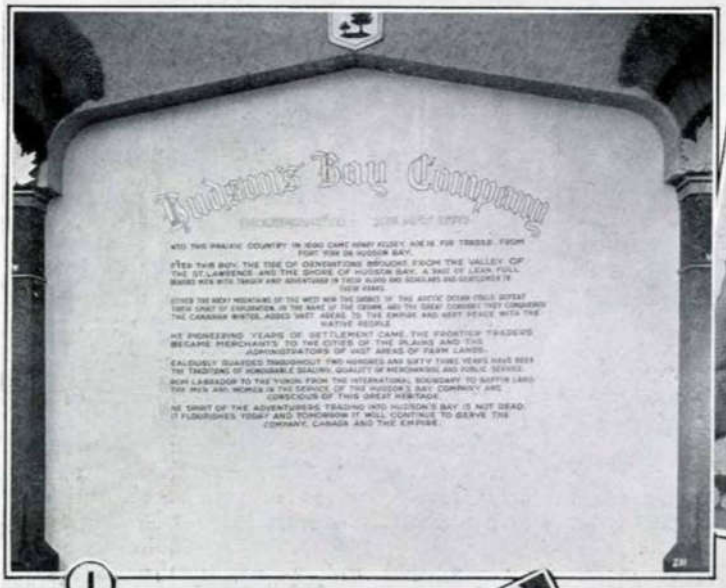
By REV. R. T. CHAPIN, Norway House

NORWAY HOUSE, standing as one of the old and historic sites of the North, holds in its records many achievements which cannot be forgotten. Last summer the memory of one of the early men was honoured in the unveiling of a cairn at Rossville Mission, two miles from the main Hudson's Bay Company post. James Evans came to Norway House in 1840 as the first missionary to the West appointed by the then Methodist church. He established the present mission, naming it after the Hudson's Bay Company chief factor through whose great friendship and assistance he was enabled to accomplish much that would otherwise have been impossible.

The Indian people then had no written language. The present syllabic system was Evans' invention to fill that need. Its extensive use from coast to coast and among the different churches speaks for itself of his inventive ability. Having invented the system, his next move was to make use of it. Transforming a Hudson's Bay Company fur press into a printing machine, cutting type out of melted tea lead, using fish oil and charcoal as ink, he started the first printing press in Western Canada on its work. Soon, to their delight, the Indians were reading, some of it on birch bark, parts of the Bible and hymns translated into their own tongue and written in characters they could understand. A man of boundless energy and far-reaching vision, Norway House was not big enough to hold him. We read of his travels as far as York Factory, Athabaska, Cumberland House, Fort Chipewyan and Slave Lakes.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY EXHIBIT, WORL

REGINA,



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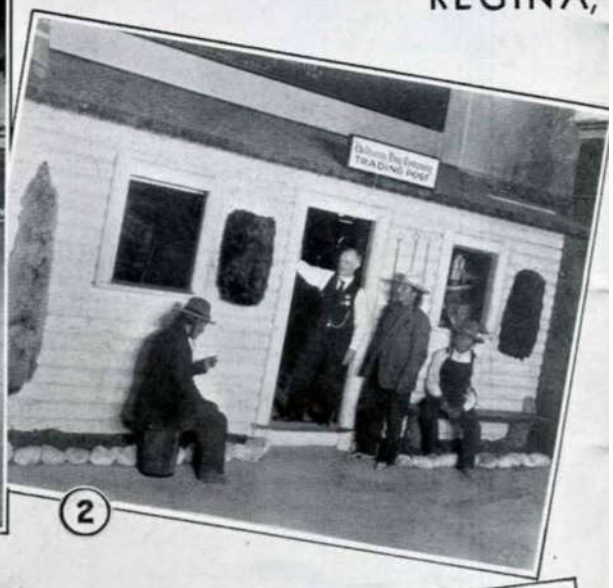

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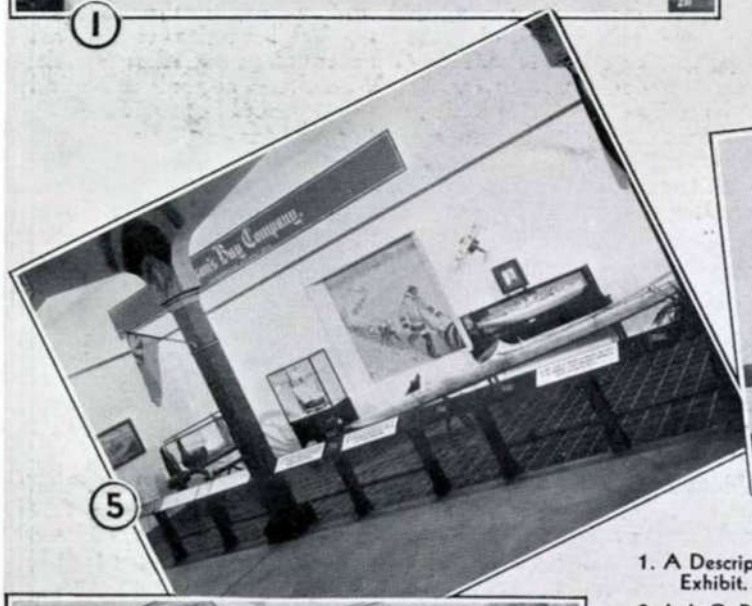

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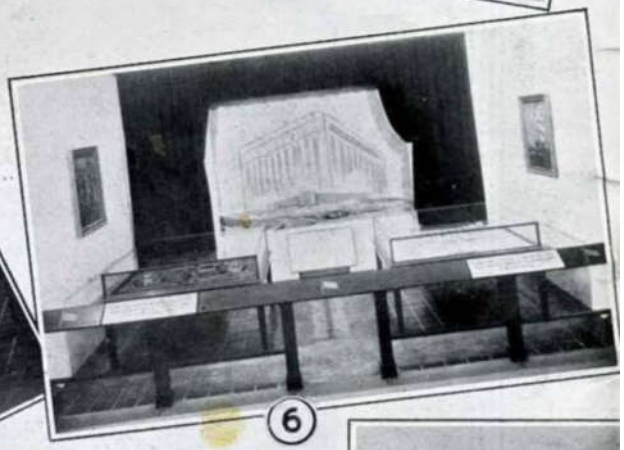

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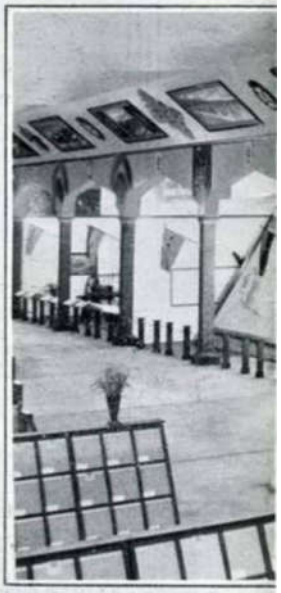
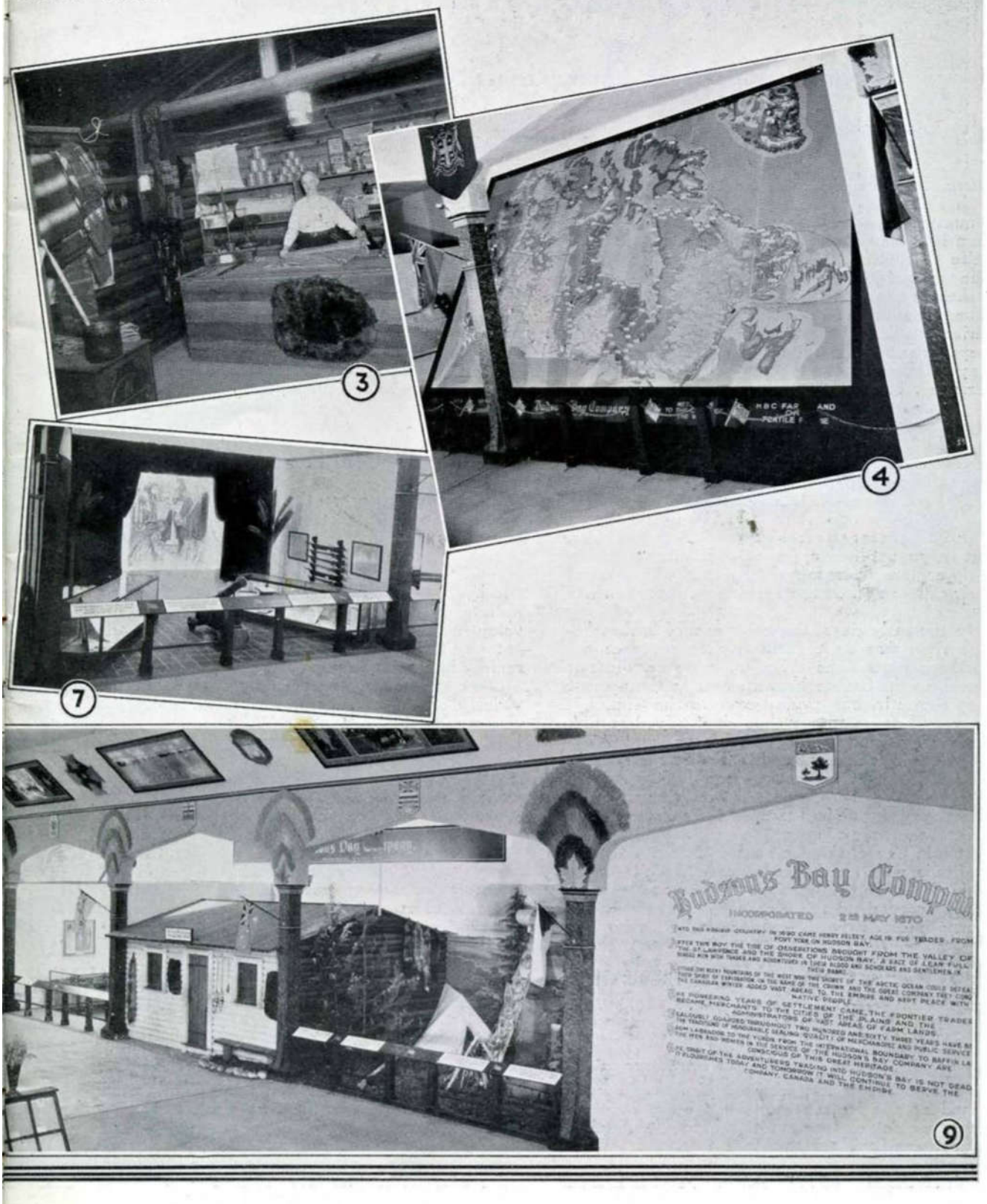
1. A Descriptive Panel at the End of the Exhibit.
2. J. J. G. Rosser, Manager of the Trading Post of the Exhibit, Welcomes Indian Friends.
3. Interior of the Trading Post.
4. The Relief Map Showing the Extent of the Company's Operations.
5. The Transportation Section with the Red River Cart, the Models of the Nonsuch, the Nascopie, an Aeroplane and Kayak.
6. Models of Company Forts with the Winnipeg Store for a Background.
7. The Presentation of the Charter by King Charles.
8. The Trading Post Was Always Popular.
9. A Panorama of the Company's Display.



D'S GRAIN EXHIBITION AND CONFERENCE

JULY 1933



Two New Maps

The Tireless Topographical Survey Issues New Saskatchewan Sheets

PRINCE ALBERT MAP

THE North and South Saskatchewan rivers, both rising on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, flow eastward across Alberta and more than half way across Saskatchewan before they unite to continue their way to Lake Winnipeg. The point of junction of the two rivers, known as Saskatchewan Forks, is shown on the new Prince Albert map sheet of the National Topographic Series just issued by the Topographical Survey, Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, where it may be obtained at the price of twenty-five cents per copy. The length of the North Saskatchewan to the forks is estimated as 760 miles, and of the South Saskatchewan as 865 miles. From the forks to Lake Winnipeg is another 340 miles, and via the Nelson river to Hudson Bay an additional 400 miles. The north river drains an area of nearly 55,000 square miles, while the south one has a drainage basin of just over 65,000 square miles. These distances and areas appear stupendous to us, but they must have appeared even more so to the early explorers who laboriously tracked and poled their canoes against the rushing currents of these rivers.

In the early days, the lower end of Saskatchewan river was on the old trading route to the northern posts. The brigades, however, did not travel up the Saskatchewan as far as the present map shows it, but crossed over to the Churchill river and followed up that river. Traders did, however, ascend the Saskatchewan, and Alexander Henry's account of his trip up the river in 1808 still makes interesting reading. On August 30 of that year he had passed Nipawin, called by him Nepawee, and had camped some distance past the two rapids just above. The next day he reached Fort a la Corne, the site at that date of old Fort St. Louis, which had been built by M. de la Corne in 1753. On September 2 he arrived at the forks and proceeded up the North Saskatchewan. His journal records the difficulties of the journey, as the current was strong and the canoe had to be tracked much of the distance. The banks gave poor footing for the men, who toiled from early morn till late at night under conditions that might well dishearten the strongest.

On September 3 the party was away again at 4.00 a.m., with the country much the same as the day before, but the beach, if possible, worse, as his diary records. On this date Henry reached the site of the present city of Prince Albert. He noted that he passed old Fort Providence, which was on an island, and soon after came to Sturgeon Fort, where the remains of several old establishments still appeared. He continued his trip on up the river to Fort Vermilion at the junction of the Vermilion and North Saskatchewan rivers, where he wintered.

Prince Albert is now a thriving city in one of the best mixed farming districts of the West. It is the marketing and distributing centre for Northern Saskatchewan. North of it lies a vast inland empire with resources of mineral, timber, pulp wood and hydro-electric power. Railways and highways radiate from it in all directions, all helping to develop the resources of the district. It is also the gateway to Prince Albert National Park, which is rapidly increasing in popularity.

Some quite early surveys were made in the vicinity of Prince Albert. The settlement itself was surveyed by Montague Aldous, D.L.S., in 1878, while several townships south of the settlement were subdivided by A. L. Russell, D.L.S., in 1877, under the first system of survey, where roads ninety-nine feet wide were laid out around every section. After the change to the present system of survey with roads reduced in width to sixty-six feet and also reduced in number, the new system townships closed in around the small block of townships already surveyed. These and many other features of this important district are brought out on this new map sheet.

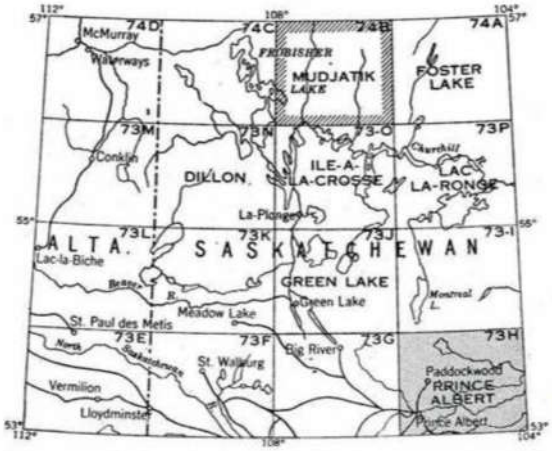
MUDJATIK, SASKATCHEWAN

One of the areas where fur is still king but which has possibilities for development along other lines is that shown on the Mudjatik map sheet just published by the Topographical Survey, Department of the Interior, where copies may be obtained at a price of twenty-five cents each. It covers a block of over five thousand square miles in northern Saskatchewan, the southeastern corner being nearly two hundred miles almost due north of the city of Prince Albert, and is named from the Mudjatik river, which flows southerly across it to empty into Churchill river just below Lac Ile-a-la-Crosse. The map was made from oblique air photographs taken by the Royal Canadian Air Force and tied in to a ground survey of Mudjatik river and to astronomical observations for latitude and longitude.

The country is part of the Precambrian or Canadian Shield, and has many of the characteristics of that region. The surface generally is

rocky, the part east of the Mudjatik river being rougher than that to the west of it. The map shows a very complex lake and drainage pattern in the lower centre of the area, suggesting that folded strata underlie this part.

The whole district is forested, the principal species being jackpine, although there is also a fair amount of poplar, birch, spruce, tamarack, willow, and alder. Forest fires have swept over considerable areas at various periods in the past, but new growth soon springs up again.



The mapped portion contains a veritable maze of small lakes and connecting streams. The drainage is to Churchill river, with the exception of a small area in the northwest corner. Black Birch lake drains westerly to Clearwater river in the Mackenzie river drainage basin. This lake is a fine body of clear water with a maximum depth of fifty feet and studded with many rocky islands.

Mudjatik river lies in a well defined valley; it has an average current of about two miles per hour and can be navigated with craft having a draught of thirty inches. Down-stream nagivation is fairly simple to an experienced canoeman, as all the rapids, except Grand rapids, which have a fourteen-foot fall, can be run with a canoe not too heavily laden. There are, however, a number of portages to be used in low water and for going up stream. The Gwillim river is used for the canoe route.

This district is reached by canoe from the Churchill river. A. M. Perry, D.L.S., who laid down the control traverse for this map sheet, came in from the railway terminus at Big River via Cowan lake, Cowan river, Beaver river, Lac Ile-a-la-Crosse, Churchill river, Churchill, Frobisher, Turner and Wasekamio lakes, at the latter of which he commenced his survey starting from a monument on the twenty-third base line. In the areas shown on this map Black Birch lake was traversed. Gwillim and Mudjatik rivers were surveyed, and twenty-four permanent reference monuments established.

The surveyor, in his report, points out that there are two little known but feasible canoe routes, using Mudjatik river, from the Churchill to Lake Athabasca. One is to follow up the traversed route to Swan lake, and then via a stream which enters the northeast end of the lake to reach the height of land and the headwaters of the McFarlane river, which empties into the east end of Athabasca lake. The other route goes through Swan lake and follows down the Clearwater river to its junction with the north branch of the river.

The chief product of this area is fur, and the whole area is fairly well trapped over by Indians and a few white trappers. The chief fur-bearing animals are muskrat, mink, marten, otter, and some beaver. Some moose and deer are found, and are hunted by the Indians for food. Mr. Perry reported that the eastern half of the area appeared to be better game country than the western. Fish are fairly plentiful in the larger lakes, and considerable commercial fishing is done during the winter in the lakes forming the headwaters of Churchill river. These fish are frozen and sent by sleighs to the railway terminus at Big River. Ducks are plentiful along the Churchill, Mudjatik and Haultain rivers. The Hudson's Bay Company have their Sandy Lake post on Gwillim river about half a mile from Gwillim lake. This post is operated only during the late fall and winter, as there is practically no trading during the summer.

Fond Du Lac, Saskatchewan. (Photo R.C.A.F.)

The Good Old Days

By REV. BLEVIN ATKINSON
Formerly of Lake Harbour

—— Most of Those Who Helped to Make the World Good for Us Are Nameless

THE last ship a sailor has sailed in was the best ship afloat, and the captain thereof was a gentleman. The regiment a man has been a unit in was the finest in the service; they were all men. Some individuals even carry the lament farther and delve into past history, even ancient history.

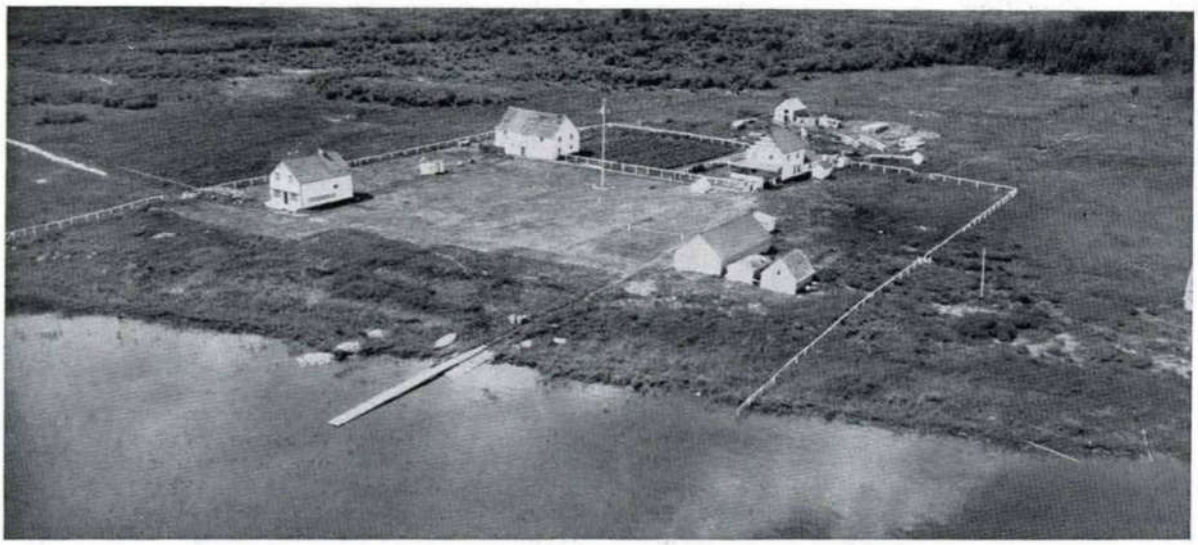
The "good old days" may have been the days of youth, but it is very doubtful if youth would agree that they are having the time of their lives right now.

One street-corner orator, in our hearing, waxed eloquent on the glory of the social system of ancient Sparta. He drew comparisons and wordy pictures with such vividness that he couldn't help making himself believe they were true; but half an hour in a public library with the "Life of Lycurgus" would have done much to clear his mind on several points. Lycurgus was a genius for telling everybody else what he ought to do, and they had to do it or reckon with him. Even to the tools one ought to employ in ordinary household carpentry, there were stringent laws as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

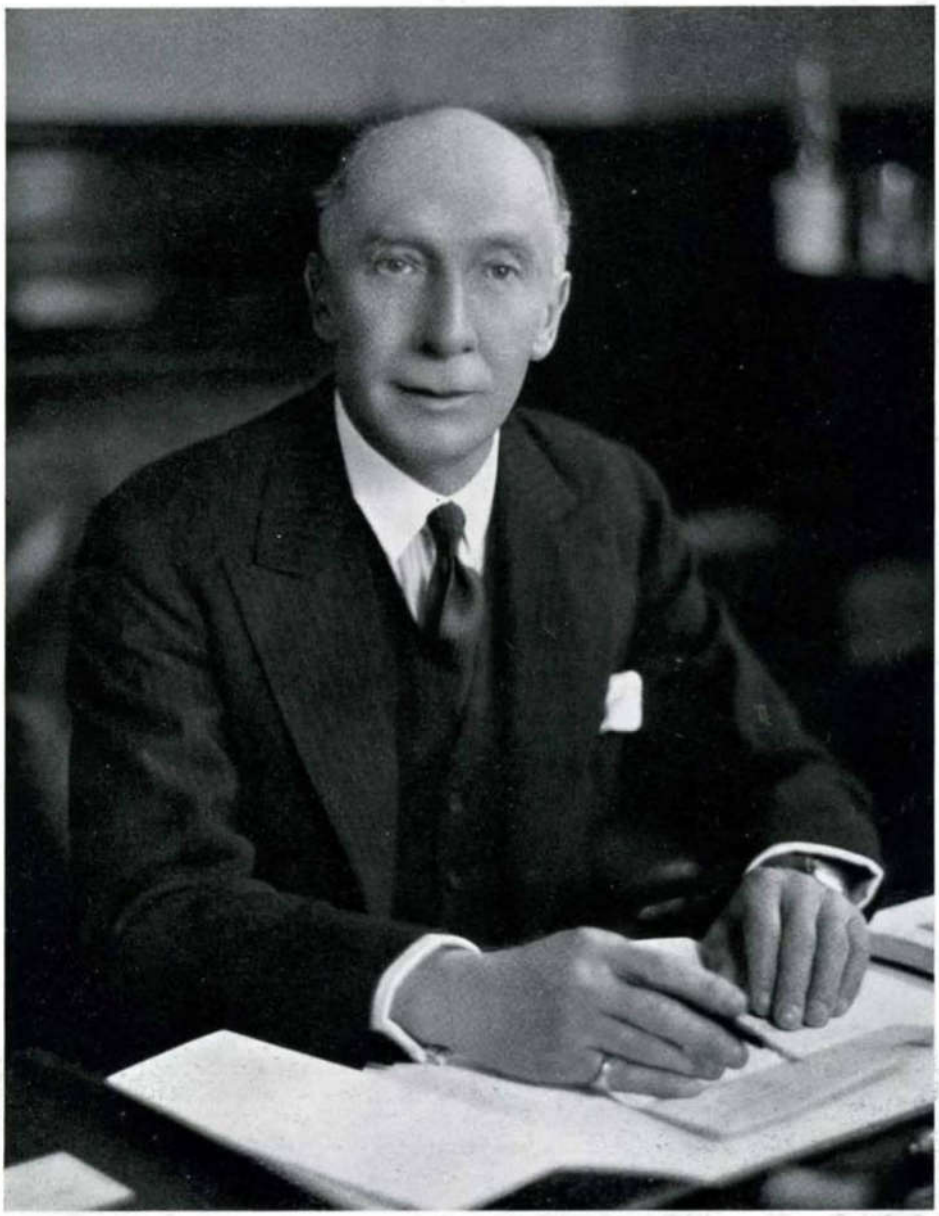
Or, perhaps, the good old days existed in the Roman period: when the emperor and senators spent more than their spare time in plotting against one another and seeing that no one got behind them; when the taxpayers had a good deal more to grumble at than in our day, and there were in the empire over fifty millions of slaves, slaves in every sense of the word, having rights of existence only at their master's pleasure.

Or, perhaps, the good old days were when the empire passed away. What of the glorious crusades, when men's hearts were stirred and tremendous efforts made to rescue the Holy Land from the hands of the infidels? Surely they were good days when such high ideals were prominent. But let us not be hasty in our longings to have been alive then. What if one had possessed a farm in the line of march of these wonderful armies. Even high ideals do not fill stomachs, and the "army service corps" was still a long way off in history. These enthusiasts had to find rations or starve, and very few died of starvation. The passage of an army left the country as if it had been swept by locusts.

We travel down through time, with witch-burnings, pillories, ducking stools, public hangings, press-gangs, long hours, little pay, slums, poverty and unemployment. Some of these things are still with us. The good old days never have been, and to sit and ponder upon glories that are mostly smoke is only to sap the vim and vigour out of us. We are much better off than most of the people in the past, and it is up to us to leave the world better than we have it now. The majority of the folk who helped to make it so good for us are like the warrior in Westminster Abbey—nameless. Perhaps that will be our lot also; but that is a minor matter. Live each day so that it would make a topstone of your life. Every kindly deed, no matter how small, counts. If we go down leaving a good record behind, future generations will feel hurt that they weren't born earlier.



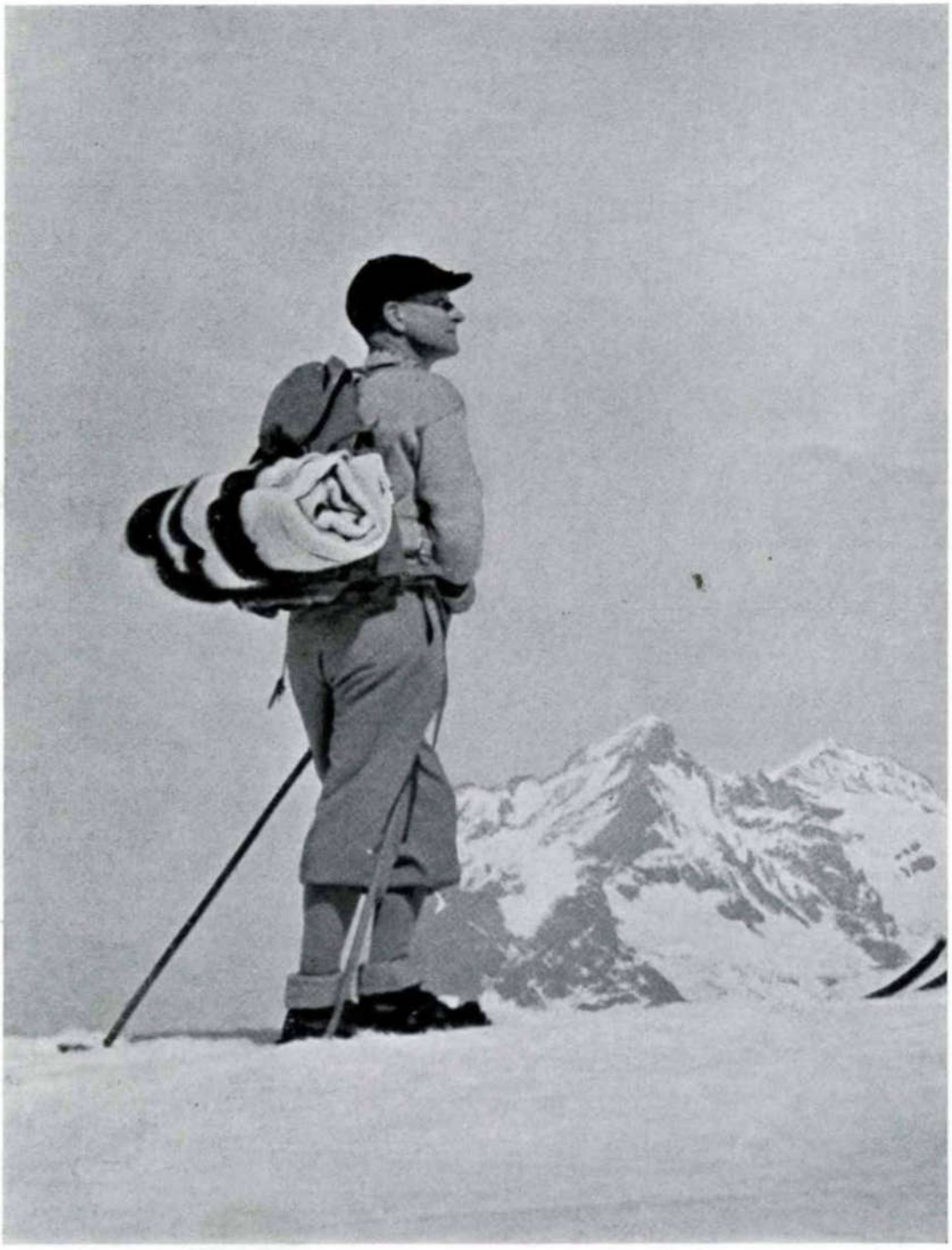
Ile a la Crosse, Saskatchewan District. (*Photo R.C.A.F.*)



SIR EVELYN ASHLEY WALLERS

Of the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company

SIR EVELYN WALLERS, like the Deputy Governor, Sir Alexander Murray, has had a distinguished career in the overseas parts of the Empire before returning to London. Born in 1876, he joined the firm of Wernher, Beit & Company in 1894, and resided in South Africa from 1896 to 1926. Sir Evelyn was president of the Transvaal Chamber of Mines in 1914 and again from 1916 to 1919 and in 1924. He was appointed director of the Central Mining and Investment Corporation in 1918 and chairman in 1931. He became a director of the Hudson's Bay Company in March, 1932.



The Blanket in the Alps

By CAPT. ALAN H. D'EGVILLE
Secretary, Seigniory Club and Author of "Modern Skiing"

Photographs Taken for The Beaver by the Author

NOBODY is more careful about equipment than the man or woman who goes into the High Alps. Carelessness in this particular has led to many accidents or unpleasant experiences in the past that could have been avoided had more care been exercised in the matter of outfit. Old and loose ski-harness, cracked poles, old and frayed ropes, a lack of matches, an insufficiency of food or an inadequacy of clothes has caused many bad moments, and in the mountains you cannot afford to be taken unawares. Mountains are hard things. They are quite relentless. They have no mercy on you, and you must be prepared.

Travelling in the High Alps from mountain to mountain, hut to hut, always with the possibility of having to spend a night in the open either owing to a miscalculation of time or to fatigue or perhaps a mishap of some kind, the mountaineer, whether in summer or winter, needs to be prepared in the matter of keeping warm and dry.

Many years ago I was caught in the mountains of Switzerland with a party of seven on one of the worst winter nights I have ever seen. It was dark, bitterly cold, and a high wind was blowing. We plodded down the dangerous edge of a mountain road till we came upon a shepherd's summer hut. We made our way in, but though we were sheltered from the wind the cold was terrible, and I made a mental resolution always to carry a warm blanket (if I could get a light one) on expeditions of this kind.

The Hudson's Bay blanket answered my purpose perfectly, and has served other purposes than merely keeping me warm. At Easter-time when the mid-day sun is scorching I have used it as a shelter by making a hole in the snow and propping a blanket over it on poles and skis. It made an ideal tent. I have slept in a Hudson's Bay blanket in the snow and kept warm and dry all night, and I have used it as a shelter from a strong and biting wind. For lying out in the sun for a sun bath, they are of course incomparable.

Hudson's Bay blankets and blanket coats are growing in popularity among those who ski in the mountains, and I personally can heartily recommend them. The modern rucksack is provided with blanket straps on the outside and, rolled up, the blankets can be quickly attached and easily carried.

When hiking in the mountains in summer, a Hudson's Bay blanket carried on the rucksack gives you a feeling of security and independence which alone is worth having. In addition, it is a real safeguard and indispensable in an emergency.

One great advantage of these blankets is that they resist water to an extraordinary extent, and this of course makes them doubly useful. A blanket coat will keep one dry for hours in quite heavy rain, while in snow—and, more important, in wet snow—they are equally protective. In spite of this they are not stuffy, as is the case with rubber, waterproof or oilskin.

From the Himalayas and the Alps, from the Arctic and the Antarctic, the Hudson's Bay Company's name is known by these blankets. There is scarcely a book of northern life or travel that does not pay tribute of profound gratitude for the qualities of the blanket. It has during the past century and a half become much more than an article of merchandise: it has become a symbol of quality which can be held up as an example of successful merchandising of the soundest kind. The "point" blankets have told their own story by their very character so successfully that many modern types of "promotion" would appear to be unnecessary. Captain d'Egville's account of the blanket in Switzerland is another instance of the universal recognition of the worth of this truly famous H B C product.

Old Life in the Service

By CHAS. H. M. GORDON
Pine Falls, Manitoba

——————Notes on the Day-to-Day Life in Company Posts a Generation Ago

THE people resident in a Hudson's Bay Company post formed a community in themselves, more or less gregarious, whether the establishment was designed for trading purposes, a depot of supplies, or merely an isolated outpost for the accumulation of provisions for the use of the larger forts. But whatever the character of the place might be, a regular business routine, demanding certain times for the performance of special duties, was strictly observed. Every member of the community, from the factor or clerk in charge to the cook, was expected to be (and almost invariably was) at his post of duty at the time designated for its special performance.

From this system came the perfect understanding of the petty details of every branch of the Company's business on the part of its employees. This was helped in a great measure by the assignment of certain persons to the performance of particular duties and their retention in that position for a term of years, enabling each to gain a thorough knowledge of the requirements of his place. For example, a clerk in the service, in the great majority of instances, must remain a simple clerk for a term of fourteen years before he was even considered as being in the line for promotion. During these long years of service he must gain a thorough practical knowledge of the duties, and even of the most trivial details, relating to his station. From long custom he fell into the beaten channels of the trade—its manner of executing business details—and identified himself with its traditions, so that when he assumed charge of a post or district he carried with him that punctuality, adherence to routine and careful regard for the little things of his position which he had so well learned during his apprenticeship. These characteristics were of such a nature as to develop a sufficient amount of employment for the office in charge of the post even in the dullest times.

The real life of the post then, consisting for the most part of mere routine, began at breakfast time, which was as regularly appointed as that for the despatch of business. The lower rank of servants had a mess of their own, a cook being appointed from their number who was responsible for the provisions, quantity and quality of the food. As their work demanded early rising, their hours were from six in summer and seven in winter until six in the evening, and the usual fifteen minutes at eleven a.m. and four p.m. for smoking. This division of time held good all the year round, though slight modifications took place with the changing of the seasons and periods when little work was done.

At the officers' mess, over which the trader or factor in charge of the post presided, assembled the family of that official, the clerk and their wives, and apprentices of every grade who were entitled to the name of "Company's gentlemen." At some posts the ladies had a separate mess, presided over by the wife of the officer in charge. It generally depended upon the temperament of the officer who presided whether the meals were eaten in perfect silence or the reverse. At some posts it was at these hours that the social life of the day might be said to transpire; whatever of wit and humour that might have occurred to the minds of its members during the day was carefully treasured to be told with appropriate effect, but generally the conversation hinged upon local subjects, as the habit of close attention to mere details tended to draw thoughts in that direction to the exclusion of more general matters. The mess table had other attractions besides those of sociability: the officers of the fort were all good livers, and although accustomed to rough it on short allowances when necessity required, took good care that the larder should be well stocked with all the delicacies and substantials afforded by the surrounding country. At many of the remote inland posts, however, the daily bill of fare was limited enough, and a winter seldom passed without the inmates of some isolated station suffering extreme privation.

The constant change of residence rendered the officers of the Company, as a class, somewhat careless as to the accommodation afforded. At remote stations, the most simple articles of furniture were held to be sufficient, depending, very often, upon the capabilities of the officer whether he was a handy man or not. At the larger posts and at the principal coast depots, the residents were furnished with all the comforts of modern civilization.

At a Hudson's Bay Company fort in the summer season, during the hours of business, there is much to be looked after. When the bell announces the opening of the gates, the enclosure is soon filled with Indians and others who besiege the counter of the trading store and lounge idly about the yard. The few clerks are busily engaged in measuring tea, sugar, ammunition, etc., into coloured cotton handkerchiefs unwrapped from greasy heads; examining furs and paying for them in trade; together with other various duties. Outside the stockades the voyageurs are loading up the York boats, or maybe freight canoes, with bales of fur for transportation, or discharging cargoes of merchandise. All is bustle and activity, yet careful detail exhibits itself in everything, and the minutest watch is kept over all by one of the clerks, the correctness of which he has to account for. There is the arrival and departure of officials from other posts in charge of brigades *en route* from distant posts, who stop for a few hours and are away again.

During the winter season the work is somewhat different, chiefly consisting in outfitting traders who visit Indian camps or small trading stations at a distance with dog trains, and the usual trading with fur hunters, which at all posts is very similar. It is at this season of the year that firewood for the use of the establishment is obtained, which is generally done by the servants of the post or by Indians temporarily engaged for that purpose.

At six o'clock in the evening the labours of the day are supposed to terminate and the members of the community are at liberty to pass the remaining hours as they please. And these are the monotonous hours which drag most wearily upon each individual member. Whatever outside attractions there may be during the long twilights, it is brief in comparison with the indoor life during the long winter months. With the married men this is spent in various ways in the society of their families; with the younger members (clerks, apprentices and postmasters), conversation and the pipe pass away many a tedious hour. Games are in great demand, the well thumbed pack of cards and cribbage board being everywhere in evidence. Reading men find abundant leisure to pursue their favourite occupation during their long winter evenings; at the chief depots extensive libraries are established for the use of officers and men, and from these supplies for the smaller inland posts can be drawn.

There came once or twice during the winter the mail, bringing a long list of letters to be answered, and periodicals and newspapers from the outside world. For many days after its arrival occupation for the long winter evenings was easily found. Those who were musical exercised their skill on the violin, which, on account of its portable nature, was more common than any other instrument. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the long winter evenings should be enlivened with dances in which all the dusky maidens within hailing distance of the fort participated. On these occasions the company was cosmopolitan, all grades of employees mingling on terms of equality.

With such simple pleasures, and in the discharge of their duties, the life of the isolated community glided uneventfully away. If the amusements were few they were at least innocent. So each succeeding year added to the accumulation of the last, until in the afternoon of life the Company's officer found himself with sufficient means to pass the remainder of his days under more genial conditions. But, strange to say, it almost invariably happened that his old life had so grown upon him that the chains of a higher civilization had no power to hold him, and it was seen that many who bade farewell to the inhospitable regions where the best years of their lives had been spent drifted back again—the change was too abrupt; they had outlived their former friends; their ways of life was radically different; in short, the busy world moved too fast for their quiet and placid lives.

York Factory

The great depot of the old Fur Trade, where for generations young apprentices caught their first glimpse of Canada. The old palisade came down in 1916. Still a trading post, but its glory as a capital of the fur empire has departed. (Photo R.C.A.F.)

Trappers at Coronation Gulf, Western Arctic. (Photos by R. H. J. Bonnycastle)

Survival in the Barrens

By R. H. J. BONNYCASTLE
Manager Western Arctic District

An Episode of Wolf and Caribou on the Arctic Coast

JOURNALISTS would have called it human interest stuff, and it undoubtedly gave us several hours of speculation as to what the final outcome would be as we pursued our way along the frozen surface of the Arctic ocean that bright May afternoon.

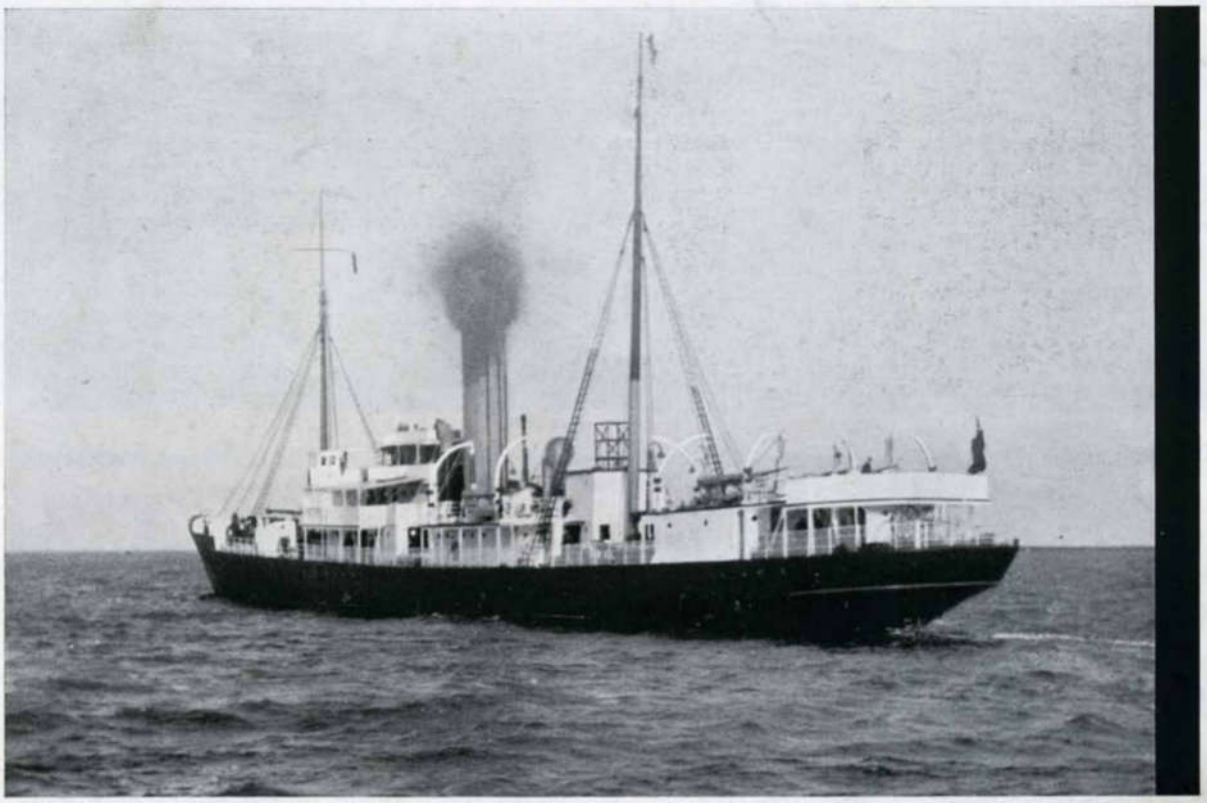
"We" were father and son, each driving his own dog team, and myself the passenger. They had come west a hundred miles to meet me a week before, as arranged the previous summer, and this was our second day's travel together. Few words were spoken as we steadily put the miles behind us, alternately running and riding, and occasionally stopping for a brief rest for the dogs, when we smoked or had a draught of black coffee from our thermos. There was nothing to break the dazzling white monotony. Snow covered rolling country inland, and snow covered frozen sea to the north. Nothing moved but ourselves and our dogs in all the stillness.

Suddenly the leading team stopped, and we gazed wonderingly at the fresh track of a caribou which had only recently passed, coming from seaward, treading inshore. Deer were scarce in this part. Where had it come from? Why alone? Whither bound? The only land in the direction the tracks led from was Victoria Land, one hundred miles distant, and caribou seldom attempted such a long crossing of the ice, which of course is devoid of food for them. But we decided it must have come from that large island as we slowly proceeded with our journey, though with certain reluctance, as that caribou might have been the first fresh meat eaten for a long time.

After a couple of miles of speculation, the boy who was leading shouted that he saw something moving ahead, still indistinct in the snow glare. Then he shouted back, "It is our dog, which we left here last week." The animal had become sick and unable to travel and was left behind on the trail to find his way home after recuperation. Now we could just distinguish it some distance ahead running back and forth on the beach in unaccountable fashion. As we drew nearer, it ran out onto the ice past a pressure ridge which paralleled the shore at this point and which now hid the animal from our sight. On reaching this spot, we climbed the ridge, and there, a scant one hundred and fifty yards distant, stood, not the missing dog, but a great grey timber wolf regarding us over his shoulder. Back we ran for the rifle lashed to the sled and returned to the ridge in time to send a bullet an inch over the brute's back as he sped out of range, not merely fleeing from us but tracking a caribou, whose spoor led out onto the ice and was remarkably fresh.

The mystery was solved. Our deer from Victoria Land had actually left the shore some two miles from where he returned to it, after making a wide detour. A straggler from his kind, he was being relentlessly pursued by the wolf and had run out on the sea ice hoping to throw the wolf off the scent. The latter actually had lost it temporarily on the beach, but picked it up again just as we came along.

We asked ourselves a dozen questions. How far ahead was the deer? How long had the chase continued? What would be the outcome? While the deer is faster, the wolf has greater endurance. We regretted having missed the latter with the rifle and hoped the caribou would make good his escape. Whether he did or not, no one knows to this day, but we do know the wolf is one of the greatest menaces to the vast herds of deer roaming the barren lands, though they prey chiefly on young fawns and not the adult animal.



Still Trading into Hudson Bay

The SS. Nascopie Goes North Again
A Cheerful Departure from Montreal

ON a cool and misty July morning, SS. *Nascopie* pulled away from Pier 6, Montreal, and headed down stream to commence her fourteenth voyage to Hudson Bay and the Eastern Arctic. It was a cheerful occasion, and from the numbers who came to bid her farewell a stranger might have thought she was a pleasure cruise ship. Actually, there was an undercurrent of serious business about all the bustle of departure.

For some days past, the Montreal papers had found news in the ship, her personnel and her cargo, and when the sailing hour came the press camera men and the news-reel crews were on hand to record for the ever curious public some pictorial details of this annual expedition.

Chief Factor Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, was on board to go as far as Cartwright, having arrived a few days before from Moose Factory. Mr. Parsons was the first fur trade commissioner to have visited that post, and upon his departure from Rupert's House was given a terrific salute of guns by the district Indians.

Major-General MacBrien, commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, was on hand to inspect the constables and N.C.O's going north under Inspector Sandys-Wunsch. General MacBrien flew down from Ottawa through the rain to be on hand.

Major McKeand, in charge of the Government party, evaded the camera men successfully until finally cornered on the bridge, where several visitors to the ship mistook him for Mr. Beatty, of the C.P.R.

Captain Smellie, after a very busy week, was cheerful, as every skipper is upon assuming command again, and his horizon was only darkened by the pilot delaying the ship for twenty minutes.

Archdeacon Fleming was greeting many old friends and meeting new fellow travellers. Mr. Watson, district manager, was [*Continued on Page 66*

Chief Factor Parsons

Captain Smellie

Major McKeand

Fur Traders, Sailors, Scientists and Police

THE passage of time has not spoiled the adventure of travel. There are still people among us who seek out the spots on the surface of the globe for travel and modest exploration, and there are still people who are happiest when their work takes them to the quiet places. Until Canada's Northland is surveyed, subdivided and sold into suburban lots it will attract adventurous men who choose to work in isolated places. Thus, when the Company's ships go north, they are news and thousands of readers linger over press accounts of the ship, her cargo and her crew and reflect upon escape from rents, telephones and depressions.

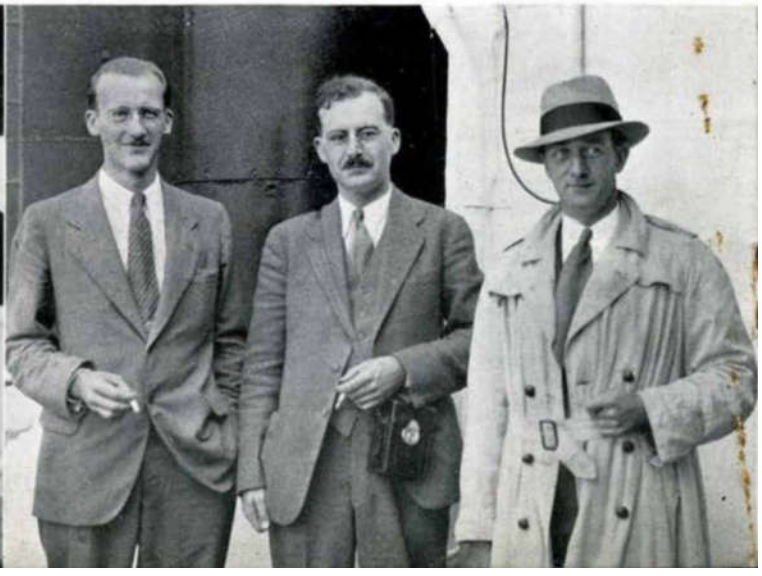
On these pages, *The Beaver* presents a few who were "among those present" at the sailing of the *Nascopie* from Montreal. Along the top of the page are: Chief Factor Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, who travelled as far as Cartwright and returned to Winnipeg via St. John's, Newfoundland, Montreal and Ottawa; Captain T. S. Smellie, who, as *The Beaver* goes to press, has kept the ship right on schedule as far as Churchill, and who has an extraordinary address for a deep sea man—Edmonton, Alberta; Major D. L. McKeand, in charge of the government party, for whom these expeditions north have become almost a habit; Major-General J. H. MacBrien, commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who, a few days after inspecting the men leaving for the Eastern Arctic, was flying down the Mackenzie in the interests of police efficiency in the Western Arctic; Mr. George Watson, manager of the St. Lawrence-Ungava district, who in the course of the voyage visits many familiar scenes of earlier activities; Steward A. Reid, who this year changes his address from Ardrossan to St. John's.

On the right is a very official group with representatives of the Boy Scouts of Canada, the Government of Canada, the Merchant Marine, the H B C Fur Trade and the police.

Lower left is Scout Liddell, Major D. L. Mc Keand and Major-General J. H. MacBrien.

Below are A. Philip Norton, secretary of the government party; W. E. K. Middleton, meteorologist, and W. M. Ritchie, post manager at North Bay and purser of the ship.

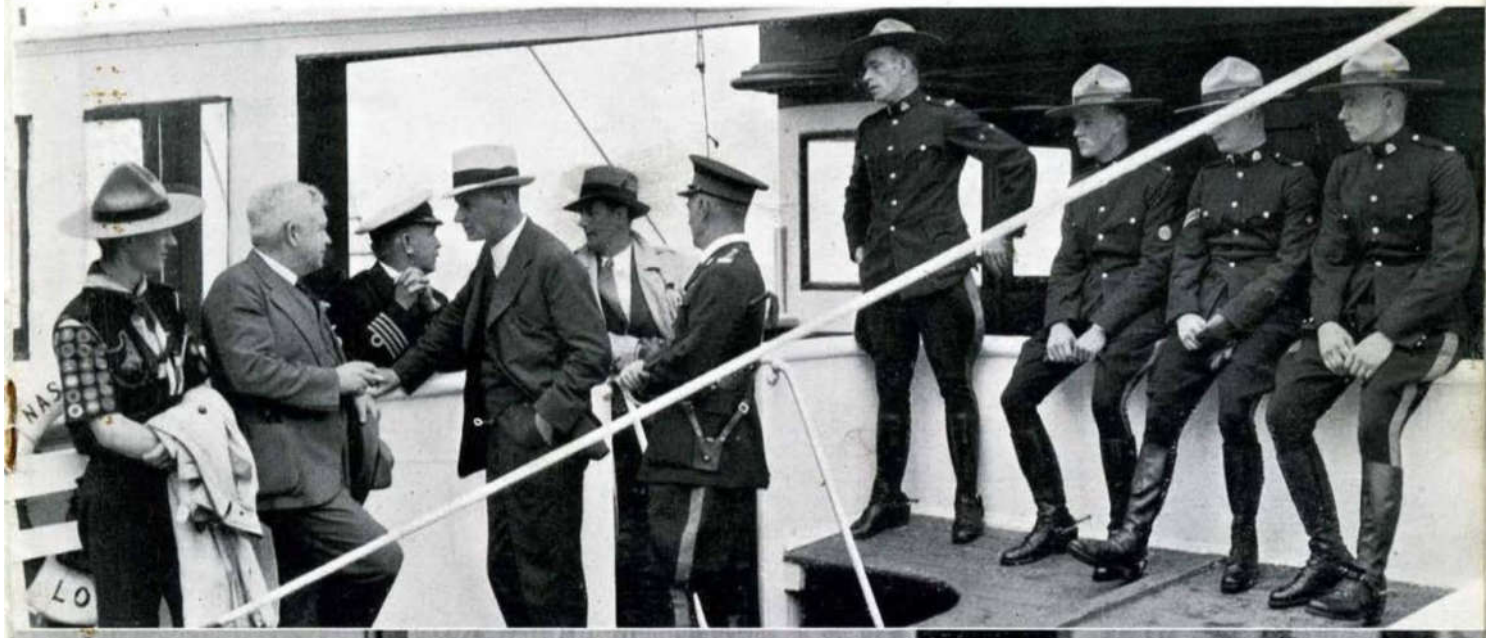
Lower right are Corporals W. G. Kerr, A. E. Fisher, H. Kearney and Constable S. S. Spalding.

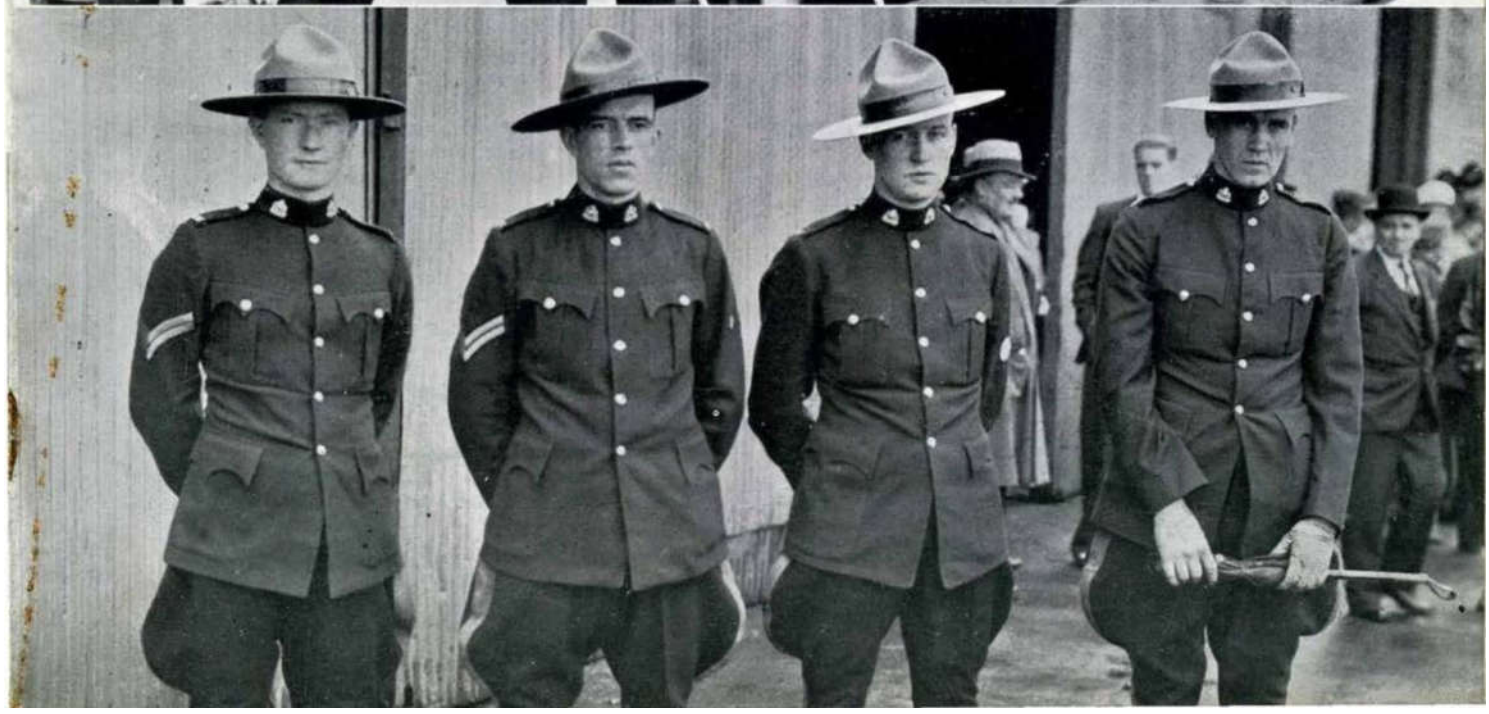


Major-General MacBrien

District Manager Watson

Steward Reid

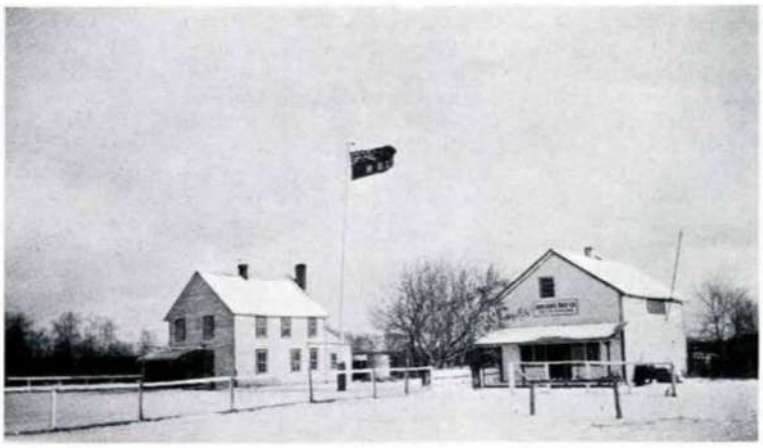




Requiem

A Footnote to Fur Trade History—The Passing of Fort a la Corne

By FRANK H. GEDDES
Saskatchewan District



Fort a la Corne

PICTURE a hilly country, thickly wooded and overgrown with brush and small timber, with spruce rearing their shaggy heads here and there until the whole country merges into a mass of upraised spruce tops gently waving in the summer evening breeze. Here and there are clearings—some natural, others man made—with a tortuous, narrow, bumpy trail winding in and out among the brush and trees, here perhaps nearly blackened by deadfall, and further up a rough bridge of logs over a small creek nearly dried out. Near by the mighty Saskatchewan runs on its way, muddy and turbulent as ever, changing from day to day its streams with drifting sand banks.

Some three miles from the river, in a well defined clearing, stands a group of buildings, and flying from the flagpole is the ensign that so long has flown over the buildings, the flag of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort a la Corne.

For some two hundred years trading has been going in that locality. La Verendrye founded the post for his king under the French flag somewhere near the present location in 1748. Later, the Hudson's Bay Company, down by the river, removed in 1887 to the present site. Two hundred years! A long time, and now to be terminated!

With windows boarded up and boxes and cartons piled outside the store, the place takes on a sad, abandoned air, as if it realizes all too well what is happening, knowing that it is all in the best interests of the Company it has served so well to close it up.

It is a warm sunny evening. A few Indians are around, hoping no doubt to pick up a few odds and ends before the doors of the establishment close. The flag is flying in the breeze, flying for the last time.

From the store come three people, the manager, his assistant Abel McLeod, an Indian who has worked for the Company for perhaps fifteen years, and the man who is responsible for seeing that the work of closing up is properly carried out. At the house Eliza Sanderson, who has been employed on and off for thirty-two years, and Jerry Constant, whose father's father must often have traded at the store, and who has traded there himself since he was a boy, stand wondering. They cannot understand why. Slowly the flag flutters down, and the three go again into the store, shutting the door behind them.

In the grey early dawn, a motor truck is being loaded with the balance of the cases piled outside the store. It is foggy, and there has been a heavy frost. It is very quiet, save for the noise of loading. Quite suddenly a hammering breaks the quiet: the door is being nailed up. It is the end.

The little group shake hands. The one gets into his car and speeds away in a haze of dust. The truck is warming up and the others of the group climb into the cab. Slowly the truck bumps away over the twisting trail for Prince Albert. The fog is lifting, promising a bright warm day ahead, and the birds are heralding the sunrise. Behind, in the gathering light the deserted buildings stand, forlorn, abandoned, almost pathetic.

Fort a la Corne is dead!

FORT A LA CORNE

Founded by the Hudson's Bay Company between 1845 and 1852 on the site of Fort des Trembles and Fort des Prairies originally built by the Frobishers and Chas. Paterson in 1756, who were striving to divert the western fur trade from Hudson's Bay, this post was moved from its picturesque surroundings and historical grounds in 1885 to its present location half a mile from the wooded southern banks of the Saskatchewan and twenty-three miles north of Kinistino, a frontier town on the Canadian National railway lying almost due east of Prince Albert.

The post derives its name from Louis Francois de la Corne, Sieur de Saint Luc, not, possibly, by reason of his building the original fort, but named in his honour by a retainer of his named Francois, surnamed Le Blanc, the builder, who appears to have remained in the interior on the Saskatchewan when La Corne left in 1756 to defend Canada against the English. Le Blanc is thought to have built the fort sometime in 1760.

Louis Francois de la Corne had been appointed in 1753 as commandant of the western posts, as the French called their posts west of Lake Super-

ior, and whilst his predecessors made Fort la Reine on the Assiniboine their headquarters, La Corne established himself at the confluence of the Pasquia river and the Saskatchewan river, now known as Le Pas.

Some think that the name La Corne was transferred to the present post by reason of it being originally built on the river flat by Francois (Le Blanc) and the fort would be spoken of as "L'etablissement Francois," which might be interpreted either as Francois Establishment or the French establishment, and by 1808 the phrase had become interpreted to mean La Corne's post. David Thompson, passing the spot refers to La Corne's post, and Alexander Henry says, "At six o'clock we camped at the spot where the French formerly had an establishment called Fort St. Louis built by St. Luc de la Corne in a low bottom on the south side, where some years ago were still to be seen remains of agricultural implements and carriage wheels. Their road to the plains is still seen winding up a valley on the south side."

On this site, some time previous to 1856, the Company built a post and, following the tradition, called it Fort a la Corne. In 1896 J. B. Tyrell was able to trace the lines of palisades around a cellar some one hundred yards east of the ruins, which would be Francois (le Blanc) post.

The post does not appear to have figured greatly in history, except as a provision post for supplying the western transport brigades and northern posts with the vast quantities of pemmican necessary for the fur trade, and which, owing to its proximity to the prairies, was readily supplied from La Corne, where buffalo were killed in large numbers in the vicinity of the post, where an old buffalo run can still be traced.

Of the buffalo meat, Alex. Henry the elder speaks, "At Fort des Prairies I remained several days, hospitably entertained by my friends, who covered their table with the tongue and marrow of wild bulls. The quantity of provisions which I found collected here exceeded everything I had previously formed a notion. In one heap I saw fifty ton of beef so fat that the men could scarcely find a sufficiency of lean."

One of the oldest missions in Saskatchewan was founded on the north bank of the river opposite the fort, and was known as the Nepowewin Mission. It was built by Rev. Henry Budd in 1852, later to be abandoned and the present mission, built on the Indian reserve, where an Indian day-school instils wisdom into the minds of the Indian children.

Mr. Reginald Beattie and Mr. Goodfellow, a retired Hudson's Bay Company post master for several years in charge of Fort a la Corne prior to his retirement, have left some interesting accounts of the hasty evacuation of the post during the 1885 rebellion by one Phillip Turner, who was then post master.

Mr. Beattie was either passing or visiting friends during the rebellion, and arriving at Goodfellow's heard that Phillip Turner had departed, taking the Company's fur down river but leaving all goods and ammunition behind uncared for. Goodfellow, although old in years and long since retired, was eager to save the Company's property, but, as nearly all the residents had fled in fear of Riel, he had been handicapped by being single handed.

On the arrival of Mr. Beattie, he decided to go to the fort and save what they could. This reinforcement put Goodfellow in such great spirits that he is quoted as having said, "Now, we are good for a regiment of rebels." The two warriors, reaching the post, made a great night of it recounting tales of wintering on the plains amongst the buffalo, where they had often to defend the Company's property against hostile Indians. They found a number of Indians prowling around the abandoned post, but Goodfellow, who had handled these Indians in past years, ordered them across the river, which order was promptly obeyed. Ammunition was carefully hidden away in an old dry well, trade goods carefully taken stock of, and the place padlocked.

While stock taking was in progress the door of the trading store slowly opened and in filed four French half-breeds, and it looked as though Goodfellow and Beattie, who had both moved nearer their loaded weapons on the entry of the visitors, were going to have a fight on their hands; which would have suited their mood. However, the visitors proved to be loyalists sent down by Chief Factor Clarke, then ruling at Prince Albert, with despatches. The rebels visited this locality and confiscated a few cattle which had not been carefully removed to safe havens on the outbreak of the rebellion.

Freighting in the early days of the post was from York Factory by York boats and canoes, and later from Prince Albert by *SS. Saskatchewan*, a river steamboat greatly addicted to sticking on river flats, if the post journals of those days are sufficient evidence. In recent days freighting has been carried out from Kinistino by motor-truck (in the winter by horse and sleigh) over roads once deeply rutted by the Red River carts but now worn smooth by cars ancient and modern.

The inexorable march of settlement has made rapid changes. No longer do the buffalo roam the river flats. Fur, once plentiful, has been killed off and, whilst the lordly elk is found in large numbers and moose and deer in only slightly lesser quantity, the game restrictions very wisely prevent the natives from killing game in the quantities their predecessors did in the days of Alex. Henry the elder. Goldeyes and a few species of coarse fish, with an occasional sturgeon (the latter once very numerous), are still caught in the river.

Scarcity of fur-bearers, together with other economic factors brought on by the advance of settlement and agriculture, compels the old fort to close its portals and to open no more till, who knows, out of the ashes of romance and quiet glory may sometime spring some mammoth emporium of which one may exclaim, "Verily the glory of the lords of the lakes and the forest has returned once more."

Past post masters of Fort a la Corne post: G. Goodfellow, J. P. Turner, A. McLean, A. McKay, A. Seymour, G. G. Spence, J. E. T. Armstrong, E. Renouf.

Indian Medicine

By M. V. MORGAN, Mackenzie-Athabasca District

THE North American Indian is rich in folk-lore and legend, and of course is very superstitious. The origin of these superstitions is buried away in the dark past before the coming of the white man, but today they are probably as real to the Indian as ever they were.

Most of his superstition centres around "medicine." Almost any occurrence can be attributed to "medicine," and any Indian can "make medicine" either as a remedy for some trouble or for casting a spell on a person coming under his displeasure.

Again, practically every Indian has his "medicine" which he regards in the light of a mascot or guardian angel, and which usually takes the form of some animal familiar to him. Thus, one may have a bear, a wolf, or an otter, which animal he would never kill, nor would he eat of the meat, as in the case of bear, even if killed by someone else.

How his "medicine" becomes known to him is curious. Sometimes he sees an animal, say a wolf, in a dream. The wolf speaks to him, making a compact that neither will molest the other, and then teaches the Indian a "medicine" song or chant which must always be sung when casting a spell or pronouncing a curse. These chants have a definite, though monotonous tune and rhythm. No two "medicine-makers" use the same chant, and they never vary their own, except where the Indian has two or more "medicines."

Even more interesting is the instance where the Indian meets his "medicine" whilst hunting in the bush. The approach of his "medicine" is heralded by a faint, high whistle, which draws nearer but appears to be high over the favoured one's head—as the Chinese say, floating in the middle air. The "medicine," perhaps an otter, steps from behind a tree, and the same procedure takes place as in the dream. Sometimes the Indian is given a herb for mixing in food or burning as incense, or is instructed in the use of certain roots and barks.

One young brave whose "medicine" was otter saw, whilst hunting in the spring, a fine otter and, tempted by the thought of the price he could obtain for it at the trading post, he shot his "medicine." In due course he sold the pelt to the trader, but shortly afterwards he became subject to violent attacks somewhat resembling epileptic convulsions recurring two or three times a month. This condition continued throughout the summer, and medical attention failed to remedy what was diagnosed as stomach trouble.

Any Indian who attains any measure of success in "making medicine" immediately becomes known far and near as a powerful "medicine man," and, as is not unusual in other walks of life, it is the unfortunate aspect which achieves most distinction and is remembered longest.

One "medicine man," having quarrelled with a dusky brother, took an old, decayed moose hide and spread it over a rifle belonging to the object of his wrath, meanwhile chanting his "medicine song" and casting his spell. No one knew just what form the spell would take until the Indians in that vicinity one day found that, despite all their efforts, they could not kill a moose, only succeeding in wounding the animals too slightly to run them down, and they were consequently in sore straits through lack of their staple diet. An old man then "made medicine" and discovered that the spell cast was that no moose should be killed in that locality, and that the curse would hold until such time as one was killed by an Indian with no knowledge of any spell having been cast.

For several weeks no further effort was made to hunt, the band eking out a precarious living on rabbits and ptarmigan. Then came news of a moose having been killed by one of their tribe some sixty miles distant. Solemnly the braves arose, took their weapons and hied them to the chase, returning in due course with an abundance of meat.

Of course "medicine" has its brighter side, and, in common with all folk-lore, makes its contribution to romance. There is a small, dainty flower blooming in the "land of little sticks" which has all the powers of the old alchemists' love philtres. This blossom the brave crushes in his tobacco and smokes in the presence of his beloved, and if she inhales the perfume, then that coy maiden's consent to his proposal of marriage is assured.

Later on, should their union prove unfruitful, then more "medicine" is called for, and our brave again becomes botanically inclined. He brings from the bush a herb which his squaw masticates, swallowing the fluid, and in due course will come many little papooses to cheer their tepee in the long winter night.

Two Episodes from the Autobiography of Norbert Welsh

"The Crazy Race" and "Trading with the Hudson's Bay Company," as Told to Mary Weekes by One of the Last of the Buffalo Hunters

NOW, I got ready to go on a hunting party. I got four other families to join us. That made five families in my brigade. I wanted to handle this hunt in my own way, to be the boss. I didn't want a big crowd. We started. After two days travelling, we came to a tract of land where the buffalo were pasturing. They were travelling westward. I told my friends that we had better stop here. There was water, lots of feed; it was well sheltered, and would be a good camping spot.

The next morning, I saw, about three miles from our camp, a big herd of buffalo. I was an early riser. The other tents were still asleep. I wakened them, told them to hurry through breakfast, and we would have a good buffalo race.

After breakfast we saddled our horses and away we went to where the buffalo were lying. We chased them, but somehow we did not make a very good run. All we got, the five of us, was fifty buffalo. That was not worth while.

When we got back to camp, the women laughed, because we had got so few buffalo, and told us that they had nothing to do, that fixing five or six buffalo apiece was nothing.

The next day the same thing happened. When I got up I saw a big herd of buffalo travelling straight towards us. We were camped right on a buffalo pass. We told the women that we were not going to kill many buffalo that day, because it would be too much work for them to fix them. But we did chase buffalo and we got sixty more.

Then for three days we saw no buffalo. This gave us time to fix the buffalo we had killed. Still no buffalo on the fourth day. My comrades said that the herd must have travelled on, that we would see no more for a while. I told them that we would not move yet, that we would wait another day.

The next morning, as usual, I was up again the first. By gosh! About a mile from our camp, I saw a big band of buffalo lying down. The wind was contrary, and they didn't scent us. They were lying at the very edge of the hill.

I wakened my men. After breakfast we mounted our horses and started. I ordered my men to circle the ground and come on to them. We did. Before the buffalo could get up, we were in amongst them with our horses. They were surprised and terrified, and, instead of taking the direction in which we tried to drive them out on the level prairie, they all galloped down the hill, which was very steep.

I had a very fast buffalo runner, but he was strong-headed. I tried to stop him, but couldn't. The other riders reined in their horses at the edge of the hill. When I couldn't hold mine—he was right in among the buffalo, galloping with them—I thought, well I'm as good as dead anyway, I'll take a chance. So I gave him a tip with my halter shank to make him jump down the hill as far as possible. Still on my horse, I landed part way down the hill and went galloping on with the herd.

I pulled out my repeating rifle and began shooting into the herd. When I was through shooting, I tied my horse to the head of the last buffalo I had shot. I looked around and saw a great many dead buffalo. My friends, I thought, must surely have descended the hill and shot some of them. As I looked for the other hunters, I counted the buffalo. There were twenty.

Bime-bye my wife's uncle, Joe Boyer, came galloping up to me, asked if I was still alive, and told me that only a dang fool of a man would do what I had done, whip up his horse and gallop down hill with a herd of furious buffalo. I asked him how many buffalo he and the others had shot. When he answered that they had shot none, I asked him who had shot all the buffalo. He said that I had shot them all. I said:

"Then I will show you what a dang fool will do. There are twenty buffalo

here. You take four, the other three men will take four apiece, and I will take four."

He replied, "Welsh, we can't get ahead of you."

The other three men rode up. The dying buffalo were rolling around my horse's legs. But a trained buffalo horse would generally keep out of the way of furious or wounded buffalo. We got to work, finished killing, and skinned the buffalo.

Now, I looked at my rifle. It still had three cartridges left in the chamber, which held fourteen. I had killed twenty buffalo. In my excitement, I must have reloaded my gun unconsciously. I examined my cartridge belt; it was short ten cartridges. I had no recollection of having re-loaded my gun. My comrades of long ago called this race, "Welsh's Crazy Race."

We stayed in this camp for a month. We were shooting buffalo every day, from twenty to forty. When we came to pack up, I had for my share, cut up and packed, one hundred and twenty buffalo. The other fellows didn't have that many. They had from twenty to fifty apiece. Each man's share was what he killed himself, except in the crazy race when I had shared my kill with my companions.

I loaded my carts as high as I could pack them. I had ten carts loaded with robes, meat and fat. I had two hundred pounds of marrow fat. We boiled the buffalo fat on the plains, poured it into a buffalo hide, and let it freeze. We got back to the Four Mile Coulee, and I put all my stuff under lock and key. I had a hired man, always; so we hauled plenty of dry wood to the door. Now, I thought, I'll just make one more hunting trip this winter.

We made two other hunts that fall when we got out of fresh meat. I started out again later with my brother-in-law Frank Boyer. On the second day of our travel, we came upon a band of buffalo. They were travelling. My heavens, it was blowing! It was late November, but there was no snow. It was blowing so hard that we could hardly get on horseback. We were travelling west towards Calgary. I told Boyer he had better take the horse, and I would take the mare. The mare could run faster, but the horse was longer winded; and besides he was the best shot. We got after the buffalo. I shot one, then my mare got out of wind and dropped behind. Boyer went on over a little hill with the buffalo. When I overtook him, he had dismounted and was standing beside his horse. He had shot eleven buffalo. We decided that the twelve buffalo would be enough for this trip. We had a man with us, so we started to skin the buffalo and get everything ready for the next morning.

When we got back to our little camp, we found that our tent had blown down. We set it up again, and spread our meat out to cool. The next morning was cold. The meat was stiff, but not well frozen. We decided to make for home. We packed the meat and buffalo hides in five carts. It took us two days to get home. We had to travel pretty far to find buffalo. Everybody in the wintering place was out of fresh meat. I told my wife that if anybody wanted fresh meat to give it to them. By Jove, by night all my meat was gone. Well, I had offered them meat, and I couldn't say anything.

After a while, in December—there was snow now—I told my brother-in-law that I thought we would make another little hunt. We got ready. When the other people saw us going they made up their minds to follow. By the time we reached the plains there were quite a lot of us, about twenty or twenty-five hunters, just the men.

We travelled for two days. On the second day, after dinner, we came on a band of buffalo. There were thousands of them. We had a race. In the first race, I killed all that I wanted to fill my five carts. I told my brother-in-law that I had enough —green meat from fifteen buffalo—and would go home. He could do as he wished.

I went out again about the beginning of February. I shot six buffalo and brought all the meat home. We were provided with fresh frozen meat for the remainder of the winter. Now I told my man that all I would have to do would be to look after the horses. They were pasturing on the open plains. His duty was to go every day and round them up, cut wood, and make fires.

I was very swell at this time, making a big splash. I will explain the reason. Before leaving Fort Garry on this trip, I had bought from J. H. Ashdown, the hardware man, a stove with all the furniture for it, tea kettle, frying pans, steamer for potatoes, and all the furniture that went with it. That was swell. When the Indians saw it, they thought it very wonderful. They asked me what I called it in Cree. I told them "Coota-wana-pisk," which meant cooking stove. This stove made my house the most important one in the brigade on the wintering ground. All the women came to our house to bake bread. The Indians came to trade.

Selling Furs to the Hudson's Bay Company

In my transactions I sold a great many buffalo robes and other skins to the Hudson's Bay Company. My dealings with them were always satisfactory. Once, in the spring of 1875, in March, the last of March, we left our wintering houses at the Cypress Hills and made for Fort Garry, planning to call at Lebret on our way. I had 120 good robes, 3,000 pounds of pemmican and 1,000 pounds of dried meat.

When we got to Fort Ellice, I met the chief factor, Archibald MacDonald. He was the chief factor over all those posts—Fort Ellice, Riding Mountain, Fort Qu'Appelle, Touchwood Hills. I knew him very well. He had passed us on the road the day before. Well, he came to my camp the next day. He said he had admired the fine grey horse that my wife was driving in her democrat and wanted to know if I would sell it to match one that he had of the same colour. I asked him to make me an offer. He replied:

"How would $175 catch you?"

"The horse is yours," I said.

"Welsh," he said, "about your robes, are they good?"

[*Continued on Page 66*

The Trail of Memory

By ARABUS

PART ONE — A Scenario of Peace, War and the Fur Trade

NOT so very long ago the writer received a letter from a friend who is a member of that famous force that wears the scarlet and gold asking if he would be kind enough to send a copy of a certain photograph from his collection; and it was through looking for the negative of this picture that this sketch comes to be written.

Search brought to light a paper-covered filmbook on which is the owner's name, followed by a list of places he has visited, taking him half across the Dominion, over to Europe and back to the hinterland of Quebec.

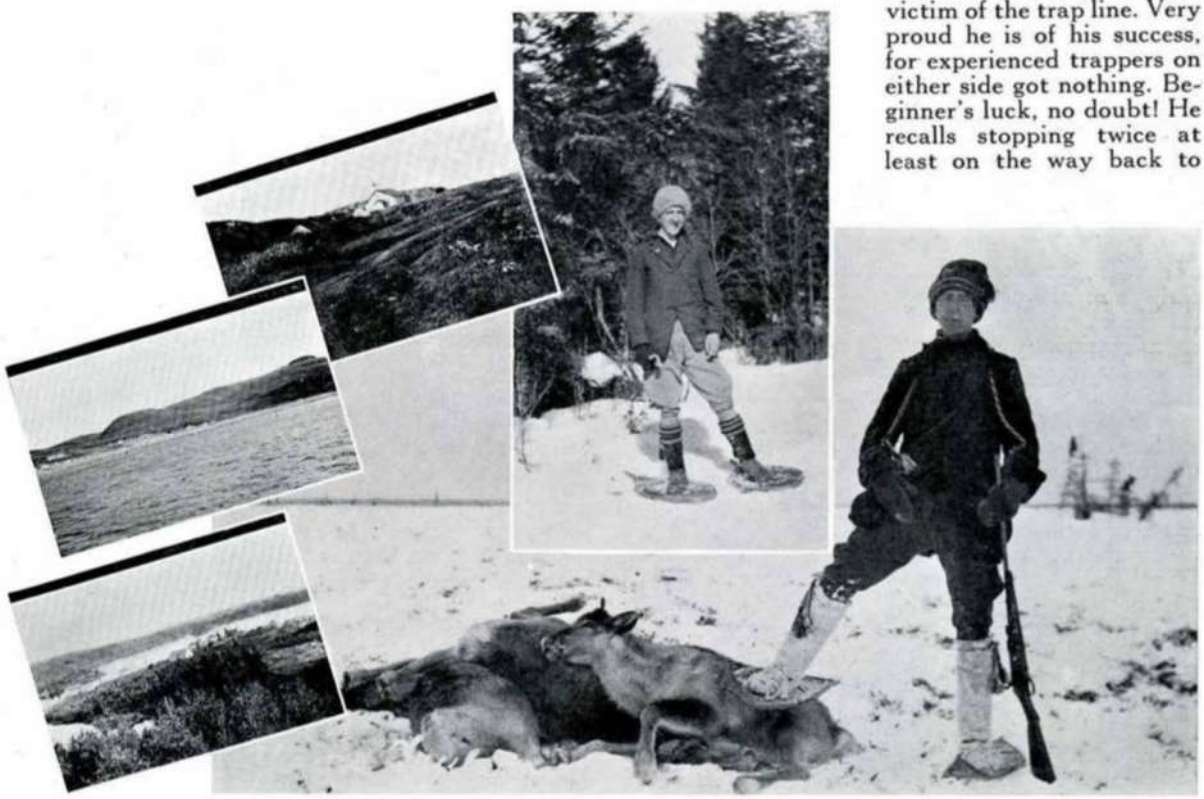
His travellogue commences when a raw apprentice of seventeen sails into the mouth of the Churchill river on Hudson Bay nineteen years ago to begin a career with the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay.

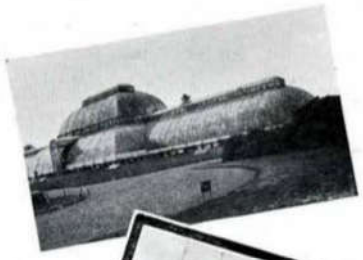
He is aboard the *Nascopie*. Her deck is laden with lumber and canoes, and her holds filled with the necessary requisites for fur trade posts on Hudson Bay and James Bay.

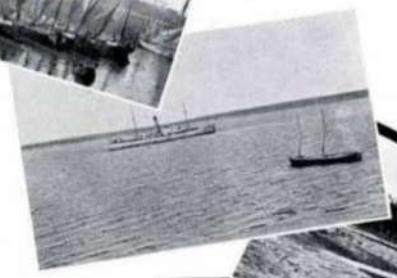
Aft, to starboard, lies a mass of stone ruins that was once Fort Prince of Wales, probably the strongest fort of its kind in the western hemisphere. Visions of Prince Rupert, Henry Kelsey, Samuel Hearne and other sturdy characters of other days rise before the romantic youth. He visualizes muskets peeping through slits in the walls, and heavy cannons behind stone embrasures. Inside the courtyard are strolling swashbuckling officers with cocked hats, lace ruffles and swords.

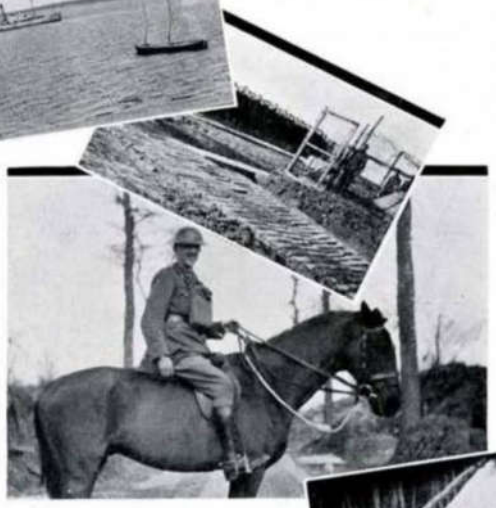
Farther up the river, about five miles distant the clerk sees for the first time his new abode, Fort Churchill. He no sooner sets foot on shore than he is told to take his coat off and help to carry sacks of flour up hill to the warehouse, for this is ship-time and everyone is busy. It is a weary back that lies down to rest that night wrapped in a pair of Hudson's Bay four-point blankets.

He turns a page of the album and he sees a picture of the Anglican Church mission. The kindness of the missionary and his wife to the young clerk is not forgotten. The fact that they continue to correspond is proof of this. Next he finds a picture of the clerk holding at arm's length a white fox, his first victim of the trap line. Very proud he is of his success, for experienced trappers on either side got nothing. Beginner's luck, no doubt! He recalls stopping twice at least on the way back to









the fort to peep in the hunting bag to ascertain if the animal were really dead.

He sees next a group of Eskimos. Those with their hair hanging to their shoulders are from Chesterfield Inlet. Here too is a picture of another Eskimo—a genial old rogue who, proud of his new shirt, wears it over his dirty deerskin one so that the shirt tail flutters in the breeze.

Over leaf is a picture of a group of Chipewyan Indians, in the forefront of which a fat squaw is grooming her hair with a fine tooth comb, a staple article in the fur trade.

The next picture he remembers was taken some fifteen miles from Fort Churchill. It is that of the clerk with his first victim of the chase, a nice fat caribou or reindeer. It was on this occasion too that he saw a herd of a thousand or more caribou on migration. A fine sight! Several more pictures taken at or near Fort Churchill follow in succession, each with its own particular incident. He mentions but one more of them. It is the picture of that once metropolis of the fur trade, York Factory. Here were many relics of earlier days in the Company's history, including a fine library.

This next film negative is not quite so clear as it might be, but when he holds it to the light he sees it is a picture of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Split Lake. That was the finish of the first lap for this young fur trader of a very trying winter journey from Churchill, during which the trail had to be broken all the way. The trip took ten days, the weather was extremely cold and the only time snowshoes were discarded was during sleep. It was a leg-weary clerk with frost bitten face that walked into Split Lake ahead of the dog teams.

The film album now takes him to brighter scenes: a picture of a lake surrounded by high, well wooded hills; the lake is calm and the hills are mirrored in the clear water. The place is Orient Bay, an arm of Lake Nipigon, in the province of Ontario. A warehouse is being built for storing supplies for Nipigon House post. A new sail-boat has also been sent in for taking the goods across the lake. It is the clerk's job to receive these goods, check them into the warehouse and check them out.

A picture of the two moose standing in the water up to their hocks, taken one fine summer afternoon just as the sun went down over the hill tops in a blaze of red and gold, holds him for a moment. The poor animals were driven to the water to seek refuge from the flies.

Who is that, he wonders? Why, that's a picture of the clerk doing his washing? Unfortunately the shirt he tries to clean is a dark blue woollen one, and in the boiling the dye comes out and turns the white underwear to a pale mauve. As coloured underwear was not fashionable for he-men in those days, this piece was promptly tied to a stone and sunk in the lake.

The clerk spent the next six months at Fort William in the district office, and was then sent to Montizambert post, which shows on the negative he now picks up.

Three months at Montizambert, and the clerk is promoted to post manager and sent to Grassy Narrows post, the next picture showing in his film album. This post is situated on an island in the English river northeast of Minaki on the Canadian

National Railways. It is (or was in those days) a good hunting country, moose, caribou and jumping deer being fairly plentiful. Here he looks at a good picture of Opineogema (Potato Chief) in his birch-bark canoe. Opineogema is an old medicine man, and when he is not sleeping or eating he is beating his tom-tom. A few more pictures of Grassy Narrows and vicinity follow, all of which bring back memories.

And now a year has passed since Great Britain entered that gigantic battle arena known as the Great War. The post manager, in common with other young men, felt it was his duty to be there. He applied for leave to enlist, which was granted. He has said good-bye to the Indians, their squaws and papooses. He has said good-bye to his dogs. No longer will he hurl maledictions at their heads; no longer will they hear the crack of his whip; no longer will he plod with them ankle deep in icy slush; no more will he see them sit around on their haunches, tongues hanging out, while he prepares for them a cornmeal, fish and tallow mash over an open fire. What the war will be like he can only guess. Maybe he will come back; perhaps he won't. Good-bye dogs! Good-bye sled, snowshoes and canoe! Good-bye Saulteaux friends! Perhaps the next boss may give you a "leetle" more debt. Good-bye teepees! Good-bye camp fires! Good-bye salt pork, moose meat and bannock!

PART TWO

Back goes memory along the trail as the pages of the film album turn. That individual standing by the obsolete field gun is the ex-post-manager, now a gunner in the Canadian Field Artillery.

After years of moccasin footwear, his feet are not yet used to hard army boots, and a tight fitting tunic and tighter fitting breeches give him an uncomfortable feeling.

He does everything that a soldier has to do. He learns everything a soldier is supposed to learn.

Now he is a cadet, training for a commission in the Royal Field Artillery. His instructors are regular army officers and non-commissioned officers, and when they say "move," they mean move. Everything is done in a manner which the Americans describe as "snappy" and the cadet's time is fully occupied from reveille at 6 a.m. until lights out at 10.15 p.m. The six weeks come to an end. He is commissioned and given three weeks' leave, at the expiration of which he joins a brigade.

The next picture he looks at is one of the famous Palm House at Kew Gardens, Kew, London, England, taken one fine summer afternoon as the lieutenant, accompanied by a pretty golden haired girl of twelve years, strolled about the beautiful lawns.

The lieutenant is convalescing from wounds and trying hard to forget there is such a thing as war; so he tells his young friend stories of the Eskimo, of igloos, komatiks and kyaks, of northern lights and sub-arctic blizzards, and of blazing sunsets. He tells her of Indians—Chipewyans, Crees, Saulteaux and Ojibway—of their squaws and papooses. He tells her of teepees and camp fires; of the moose, the caribou and the jumping deer, of the much prized silver fox, the red fox, cross fox, white fox and blue fox; of the savage little mink, the furry marten, the sly lynx and the ever hungry wolf; of cumbersome bears (white, brown, and black) and of that devil of devils, the wolverine; and as he speaks he sees once more the trading post in far off northern Ontario.

It is springtime. The evening shadows have fallen. Shafts of golden light spread fan-wise over the hill-tops, marking the path of the departing sun. The lake is calm and the trees on the shore line are silhouetted in the water. Across the bay, on the other shore and about a half mile distant, are several tepees, their camp fires also reflected in the calm water.

He hears once more the muffled beat of the tom-tom as the medicine man chants his incantation. Not far distant a loon pierces the night air with its laughing whistle, while over head a small flight of ducks go quack-quack-quacking by.

Occasionally there is a "plop" on the calm surface of the water as a fish jumps to catch a fly. It is all so peaceful, so far, far removed from the noise of men and all their striving. The West is calling—calling—calling.

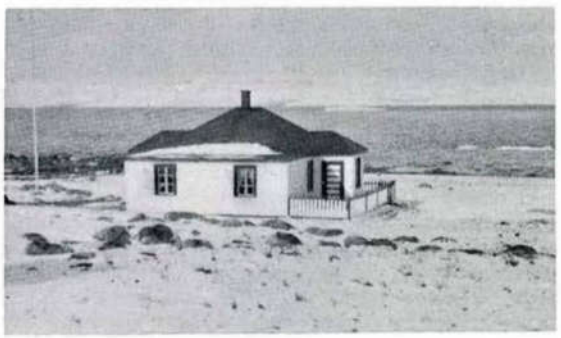
The next picture is one taken "Somewhere in France," on the subaltern's second journey there.

At last came the memorable and now historic day of November 11th, 1918.

And at long last the war is over. The lieutenant finds he must remain in the army until it is possible to return him to Canada.

Back to civilian life, the ex-lieutenant, ex-post-manager, finds himself, after a journey across the ocean, speeding westward on a trans-continental train to North Bay, Ontario, there to report for duty as post manager of Grand Lac post in the province of Quebec, the next picture he looks upon —Grand Lac post! He has just taken over; the store is practically empty and the debts are heavy; there is no wood cut, and a horse but no hay or oats; six dogs but no dog feed. He is all alone, cook, chore boy and store keeper all in one, and he wonders why it is he ever came back to such a life. He gazes abstractly before him, thinking, thinking, thinking, thinking. Of what? He is wondering will he quit or will he stick it out?

He sticks it out.



HBC Residence, Clyde River, Baffin Land, August 1932

The Dease and Simpson Cairn

An Arctic Landmark Revisited

By WILLIAM GIBSON
Western Arctic District
Photographs by the Writer

THE stone cairn is an institution in the Canadian Arctic region which probably dates from the earliest occupation of that country by the Eskimo.

Along the Arctic coast of the mainland, and scattered throughout the vast archipelago to the north of this continent, stone cairns built successively by a long line of Arctic travellers and explorers are to-day still existent in varied states of preservation.

The use of the rocks as marks by the Eskimo is, in a strictly utilitarian sense, to mark the vicinity of food caches, to attract attention and indicate the direction a travelling or hunting party has taken, to impersonate hunters for deceiving and turning caribou herds in the age of the bow and arrow, and various other uses based on the exigency of their nomadic existence.

They build a slender cairn usually by erecting flat slabs of rock in a single perpendicular column. In comparison the cone-shaped cairn of the white traveller is a massive affair, eminently built with a view to permanence and perception at a greater distance.

Dease and Simpson Cairn, May
Photos by the Writer

On a brilliant moonlight night in January, we emerged from the confines of Simpson Strait and approached Cape Herschel on the southwest coast of King William island. The moon was full and, calm clear weather prevailing, we had travelled long after the short Arctic daylight had faded. When we reached the vicinity of the cape, the dark outline of a cairn was visible on the crown of the ridge, notwithstanding the obscure quality of the light. Following preparations for camping, and while my Eskimo companion set about building the snow hut, I climbed the ridge to inspect this conspicuous landmark without even a neighbouring boulder to lessen the contrast of its loneliness.

This cairn was built in 1839 by Thomas Simpson, an officer in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a noted Arctic traveller. Dating from its incorporation in 1670, the Hudson's Bay Company history is punctuated with the achievements of its explorers. Among these ardent travellers Thomas Simpson occupies a prominent place. His strong purpose of will and his fine qualities of endurance eminently fitted him for the success he attained before an untimely death cut short a promising career.

The journey which culminated with the erection of this cairn on the shores of King William Land island, was a second attempt to bring to fulfilment a great undertaking—the connecting of the surveys of Sir John Franklin and Captain Back by delineating the unexplored coast line of the continent between Franklin's Point Turnagain and Back's Ogle Point, a distance of some three hundred and fifty miles.

With his companion, Peter Warren Dease, another officer in the Hudson's Bay Company service, Simpson descended the waters of the Coppermine river in a small sailing boat, which had been previously hauled overland, and sailed out onto Coronation Gulf.

Space does not permit of recounting the progress of this high adventure or the resourcefulness and enterprise of these intrepid travellers.

The cairn was built by Simpson on the return journey, and its remains stand to-day, to commemorate a remarkable voyage by which one of the last important links was forged to complete the outline of the North American continent, and a vast aggregation of detail was added towards the completion of our geographical knowledge of

the Arctic seaboard of Canada. In traversing to-day the area covered by this voyage, the accuracy and completeness of the main geographical features as surveyed and recorded by Dease and Simpson are striking, especially when one considers that the survey must, of necessity, have been of a rough nature to embrace such diversity of detail in so limited a time.

The existence of the ice sheltered channels of Dease Strait and Simpson Strait was a significant discovery in relation to the continuity of the Northwest Passage from a navigation point of view. To the use of these channels, the late Captain Roald Amundsen largely owed the success of his brilliant voyage throughout the entire passage during 1903-6.

Past this same cairn on King William island, the perishing crews of H.M.S. *Erebus* and *Terror*, Sir John Franklin's last expedition, which terminated in the greatest tragedy in the history of Arctic voyaging, must have travelled on their death march to Back's Great Fish river and the Hudson's Bay territories during the year 1848.

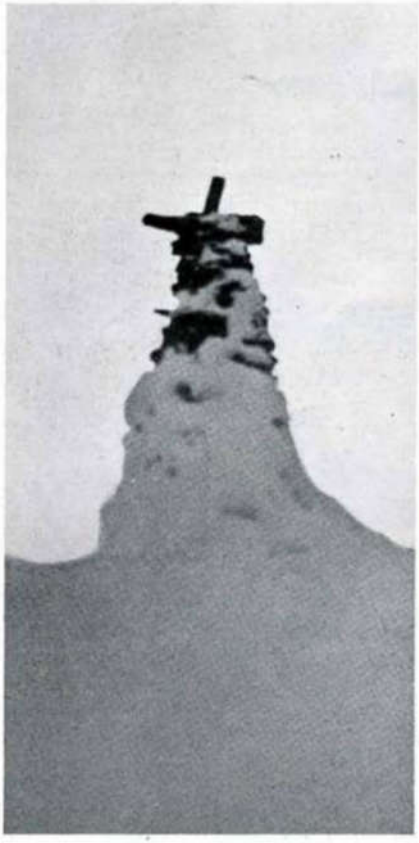
Captain McClintock (afterwards Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock), the famous British explorer of last century, who during his successful voyage of 1857-9 in the yacht *Fox* established the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions, was firmly of the opinion that some records and valuable scientific and other journals of the Franklin Expedition were deposited in this conspicuous cairn, believing that their slow progress and failing strength would have assured the travellers that they could not be carried much further; so, striking this landmark (evidently the work of a member of their own race), it would have appealed to their judgment as a most fortuitous depository for ensuring to civilization the fruits of their voyage, the story of their sufferings and fast dwindling hopes.

When Captain McClintock examined the cairn in 1859, he found its once stately height reduced to a few feet, the south side torn down and central stones removed, as if by some person seeking something concealed beneath. He could not divest himself of the opinion that a record had been left there which the Eskimo had discovered and destroyed. They themselves have related how they afterwards followed up the route of the fatal march, recovering or destroying every trinket they came across. That the cairn was known to them is a matter of reasonable conjecture, and the marks of its having been recently disturbed would have prompted them to seek what had been hidden. It is highly improbable they would have left any of it standing unless they found what they sought.

In the journal of his voyage, Captain McClintock concludes his observations and speculations on the cairn in relation to the Franklin records in the following words:

"It was with a feeling of deep regret and much disappointment that I left this spot without finding some certain record of those martyrs to their country's fame. Perhaps in all the wide world there will be few spots so hallowed in the recollection of English seamen than this cairn on Cape Herschel."

In the dim and uncertain light, it was quite noticeable that it remains to-day much the same as McClintock found it in 1859. Owing to its elevated position, it is comparatively free from snowdrifts. The north side stands about four feet high, while the south side is reduced to a mass of tumbled rock. The cavity from which the central stones are excavated, now filled with hard-packed snow, is quite apparent. Its huge circular base is composed of flat limestone slabs and in the symmetrical form of construction resembles old masonry.



Dease and Simpson Cairn, February

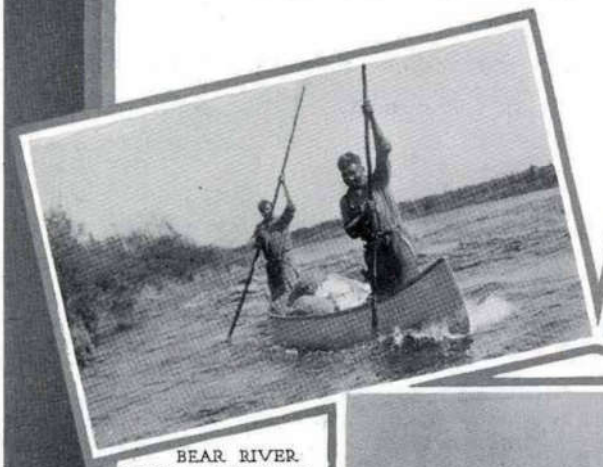
This lonely pile marks a gallant piece of exploration by two men whose names are famous in Company history. Thomas Simpson was a cousin of Sir George Simpson, and Peter Warren Dease was one of the great fur traders of the last century.

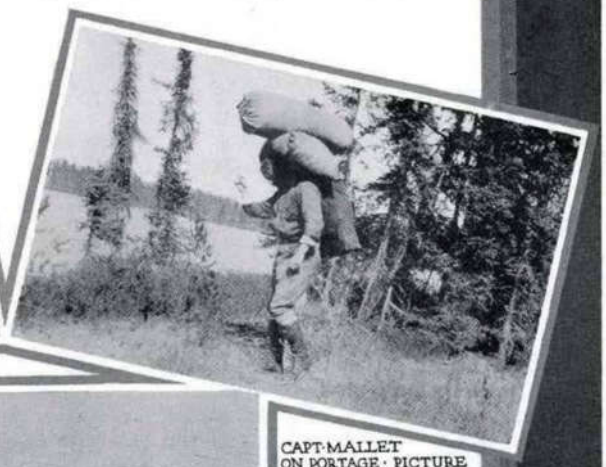
May we hope that one day a traveller on this highway of the North may have the opportunity to build again to its once stately height this simple monument to the adventurous and sedulous spirit of Thomas Simpson.

With the advent of a new day and by the light of the same moon, now low in the northwest, we turned our backs to Cape Herschel and struck out through the ice hummocks into the obscurity of the Queen Maud sea.

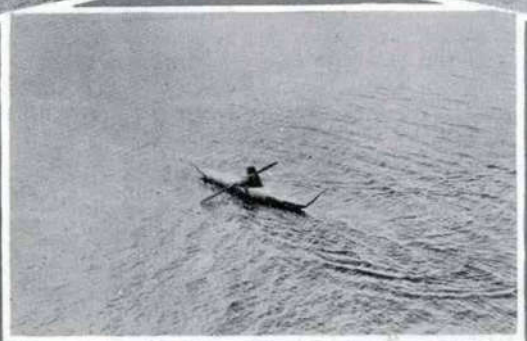
From the "Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson": "The morning of the 25th of August, 1838, was devoted to the determination of our position, and the erection of a pillar of stones on the most elevated part of the point; after which I took possession of the country, with the usual ceremony, in the name of the Honourable Company, and for the Queen of Great Britain. In the pillar I deposited a brief sketch of our proceedings for the information of whoever might find it. Its situation is in lat. 68° 43′ 39″ n., long. (reduced from excellent lunars at the boats) 106° 3′ 0″ w."

From a Fur Trader's Camera





BEAR RIVER. CREE LAKE TO BEAR LAKE · NEAR DIVIDE AND NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE GEIKIE RIVER ·



CAPT · MALLET ON PORTAGE · PICTURE TAKEN FOR HIS FRIENDS IN NEW YORK CITY ·

ESQUIMO ON WINDY LAKE

MOOSE! THE CANOE AHEAD IS ABOUT TO SHOOT

ON GEIKIE RIVER. BETWEEN WOLASTON LAKE AND CREE LAKE · DINNER TIME ·

FIVE BROTHERS · ST·BERNARD AND HUSKY · ABSOLUTELY NO GOOD EXCEPT TO LOOK AT · RAISED AT FON-DU-LAC, LAKE ATHABASCA

ESQUIMO TEPEE OF DEER SKINS PEOPLE IN DISTANCE BRINGING IN MEAT

PHOTOS BY D·S·

Appeasing His Dream Spirit

By HENRY McKAY
Grand Rapids

Yellow Bird, a Saulteaux Indian, Reverses His Fortune by a Tribute to His Gods

DURING the month of October, 1881, I encamped at Fishing Lake with the Hudson's Bay Company outfit *en route* for my new charge of Nut Lake post. Here I found a Saulteaux Indian by the name of Yellow Bird, who was very desirous that I should give him some supplies in debt and on the spot, his plea being that it would save him the extra trouble and expense of coming to the post later on to get them. Being unacquainted with the man, I consulted my ledger as to the standing of his name with the Hudson's Bay Company. Under the name of Yellow Bird I found the following characteristic remarks: "Strictly honest," "Always pays," "A good hunter," "Never asks for more than he can pay." With such favourable reference, what else could I do but satisfy his needs. I at once got out my invoices and supplied the mighty Nimrod to the amount of one hundred dollars. Having concluded our mutual transaction, he remarked, "If all goes as well as formerly, I will go and pay you in a month hence."

According to his promise, about a month afterwards Yellow Bird arrived at Nut Lake post with a dog train. On welcoming and shaking hands with the old man, I at once saw that he appeared very much dejected and despondent. Taking it for granted that somebody had died in the meantime, I handed him a plug of niggerhead tobacco in sympathy. I now unloaded his sled and took his bags of furs into the office. Imagine my surprise, after emptying the contents of the bags, to find they all contained remnants of heads and tails and other tid-bits of damaged mink, marten, foxes, lynx, etc., and of no commercial value.

"What is the matter," I said in disgust. "This stuff is no good." With tears and a woebegone look, he related to me this singular story pertaining to Indian religious rites and beliefs:

"I have brought you these damaged pieces of fur, knowing full well that they are of no earthly value, but merely that you should see for yourself how my dream spirits, the wolverines, have treated me. All through my life, the wolverines have been my sacred dream spirits. Acknowledging on their part our mutual friendship, we have always lived peaceably together. They have never followed my trapping trails for the purpose of stealing or destroying my catches, and, if at any time they accidentally came across my hunting path, they invariably jumped over it and passed right on, acting as if they had never seen it. I can swear that I have never attempted to take the life of a wolverine, with neither trap nor gun, nor by any other method. But this winter I accidentally killed one of my sacred friends in a trap set for the death of another. And now I have unintentionally brought this great calamity of undeserving judgment upon myself and family. Unless you can see your way clear to help me appease my divinities, myself and family will suffer the consequences for all time."

At the conclusion of his "hard luck" story, I asked, "How can I help you?" He replied, "By giving me more debt to enable me to buy enough provisions to make an appropriate feast offering to the honour of my sacred dream spirits, the wolverine." Without any further consideration, I gave him the wherewithal, besides lending him two large leather lodges for his reception room. The ceremonial tent having been erected in accordance with custom, with the two doors facing east and west, and all being set, with a loud voice he heralded throughout the camp the usual Indian invitation of "All come and eat," the guests responding with alacrity and being soon arranged around the festive board. Yellow Bird, standing up, expressed the foregoing regarding his change of relationship with the wolverines, and with whom he was now at enmity. Having explained all his grievances to the assembled guests, he exhorted the men, women and children to eat and drink in honour of his sacred spirits, the wolverines, whose wrath against himself it was his intention to appease by making the feast, and not on any account to leave as much as a crumb of all the good things. With the usual ejaculations of "How!" "How!" "How!" and the unsheathing of scalping knives, and with the proper gluttony on such occasions, his instructions were carried out to the letter; for not a crumb was left. When all was accomplished, and with due respect, Yellow Bird returned, remarking to me that he would come back a month hence.

Faithful to his word, in a month's time he again made his appearance, wearing a broad smile and in great glee. After shaking hands with him, and having given him the usual plug of niggerhead tobacco, I unloaded his sled and took his fur bags into the office. On emptying the contents, I saw at a glance that all were composed of first class furs. After valuing same and deducting his debts, I found that he had a credit balance of about one hundred dollars. On handing the great hunter his balance, I remarked, "You have been forgiven."

"Sure," he replied, "didn't I tell you that a feast to their honour would appease them. As soon as I got home, I reset all my traps, and the wolverines never again follow my trapping trails; they now simply jump over my paths, and away they go onwards as formerly. And now you see for yourself how your co-operation has saved the situation for the good of all concerned."

Moral: Never despise your neighbour's simple faith! For in the midst of circumstances faith reveals itself.

Fly Fishing in the Rockies

By
BILL MITCHELTREE

Notes on a Noble Sport by One Who Teaches Summer Visitors at Banff How to Land Big Ones and Who Cuts 'Em up in the Hudson's Bay Company Calgary Fish Market in Winter

FISHING in Canada is not the rich man's sport that it is in some countries. Fishing waters in an abundance that no other land may boast are readily accessible to Canadians for a very small license fee. In the national parks, where some of the best trout waters may be found, no license fee is required. Canada possesses more varieties of freshwater game fish than any other country. For example, in the West we have the following species: Lake Trout, Rainbow, Cut Throat, Dolly Varden, Bull Trout, Steel Head, Loch Leven, Brown Trout, Ounachie, Kamloops Trout, Cranbrook Trout, Nipigon, Eastern Brook and Salmon Trout. The foregoing varieties are all inland sporting fish. Aside from some species found in near seacoast waters, all of these may be taken with the fly, and almost all may be caught with bait casting outfits. We should not overlook the fact, however, that the West is not lacking in good trolling waters.

Fishing, as a sport, is unparalleled in more ways than one. Firstly, it is a diversion for the overtaxed brain; secondly, it gives more real physical exercise without over-exertion than practically any other sport. Of the killing sports, it is probably the cleanest. Anyone may hide in cover at a drinking hole and shoot an animal when it comes to drink, but to fish successfully one must match his wits against the almost human craft and cunning of their finny submarine quarry. Perhaps we speculate that here is the reason why fish is generally known as good brain food. It has been said, and not without truth, that the finer the sport the finer the character of the sportsman.

Bill Mitcheltree

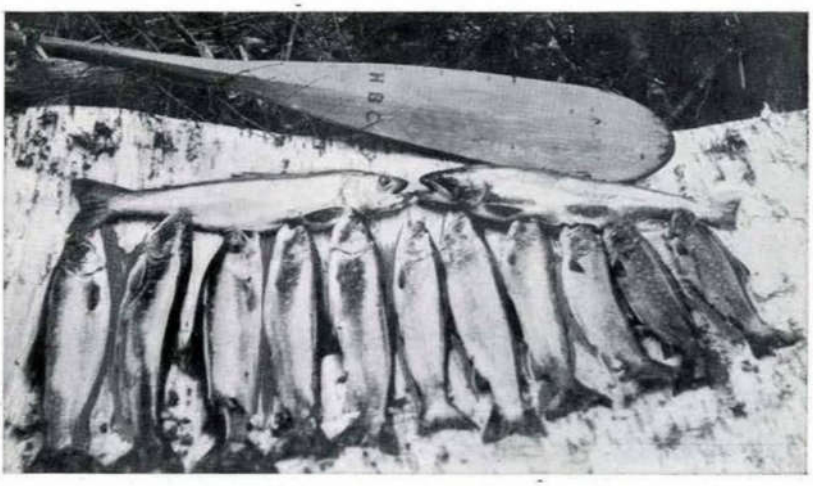
Fly fishing, I believe, is the finest sort of fishing, and because I am best acquainted with this phase of the sport, a few suggestions which have occurred to me in my experiences along that line might be in order. Concerning tackle: the proper outfit for fly casting is a nine-foot split bamboo rod, a thirty-yard double taper line, and any light fly reel. When putting the outfit together, place a roll of newspaper inside the coil of line while you wind the line onto the reel. Next, put the two top joints of the rod together by pushing (not twisting) the ferrule of the one into the recess of the other, making sure that the guides are in line. Put on the bottom joint in the same manner, being careful that the reel seat is underneath, as it should be with a fly outfit.

Keep the line well dressed when in use on water. Line dressing may be obtained at any tackle store. A size "E" level line will answer the purpose, and the more limber and whippier the rod the lighter the line you may use, and *vice versa*.

To practise the art of fly casting, go out on the lawn and commence with the line alone until you get the "feel" or balance. After you have gained that, a fly and leader may be attached and practice made on water. Draw off about twenty feet of line to start. This is a good fishing distance to develop power of rod. With the line lying out straight on the grass in front of you, hold the rod with the right hand on the cork handle and the first finger straight up the handle, keeping the elbow against the side. The back-cast starts by picking the line up fast and stopping when the rod gets on a line with the eye. Hesitate for a count of two, and then make a

snappy forward throw, stopping when the wrist comes in line with the hip joint.

Use only the wrist and forearm, never lifting the arm from the body. A simple rule followed by beginners is to count "one" for the up or back-cast, "two and three" while the line is coming up, and "four" for the snappy down cast. Try this a few times and then take more line off the reel as you cast, thus increasing the distance. Work the line always with the left hand. You will be surprised how quickly you will learn to cast a considerable distance. Never lose sight of the fact that the whole secret lies in the wrist movement and the slight pause at top of the back-cast. Don't forget to stop abruptly when the wrist comes on a level with hip. Some of our best casters are men getting on in years who have driven horses and know how to flick a horsewhip to just "touch the horse" and not abuse it.



Thirteen of the Best from Northern Waters

It is a good idea to always dry the line before starting home. The best way is to tie the end to a tree and unwind it. It will dry in a few moments. Oil the reel every time you start out. Wipe your rod before replacing in its case. Never allow it to stay in a metal case over the winter, and varnish it at the end of each season. Dress your lines regularly. Do not try to fly fish with a steel rod; it cannot be successfully done. Never use animal fat on silk lines; it will ruin them. Keep flies separated when carrying around. There are a lot of fly makers being provided with extra work through fishermen not taking care of flies. Remember to use powdered camphor among your flies, as trout flies are the world's finest moth fodder.

Never lend tackle. You will lose your tackle and nearly always your friend, especially if he is asked to pay for repairs. Always take along an extra tip; you may need it. Fish quietly and fish up stream, as fish lie with their heads in that direction. When you come across another fisherman go out around him and fish far enough away that you will not spoil his sport.

London Office Encourages Study of Foreign Languages

IN view of the paramount importance of staff training and the necessity for increased staff efficiency, emphasized by the Governor on numerous occasions, a scheme to encourage proficiency in foreign languages has been inaugurated at the London head office. The Company's foreign trade continues to increase, and it is essential that more members of the staff should acquire proficiency in foreign languages and, with this in view, especially as regards the junior members, arrangements have been made under the supervision of A. Miller-Stirling, of the intelligence branch of the London fur department, under which the London head office will assist members of the staff by advancing the necessary fees for instruction in French, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Spanish, Italian.

These fees will be returnable only in the event of the employee's appointment being terminated or of failure to qualify for a certificate within a reasonable period. Preliminary certificates will be awarded to all members of the staff who have passed the elementary stage of a recognized examination in one of the languages referred to and will carry with it the award of a bonus of £5. Second class certificates will be awarded to candidates who have passed an advanced stage of a recognized examination, plus a test to be set by the Company in relation to fur trade correspondence, technical articles, etc., in the language concerned and will carry with it a grant of £8 per annum, this amount being in addition to salary.

First class certificates will be awarded to members of the staff who have passed a further advanced stage of a recognized examination, plus more complicated fur trade correspondence, etc., in a foreign language, and will carry with it a grant of £15 per annum additional to salary.

The above certificates will be valid for one year only but are renewable from year to year provided efficiency is maintained, and the Company may require this to be substantiated by an annual test.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the scheme is not just a matter of academic interest but stresses the importance of the practical application of languages to the trading activities of the Company.

Books

Indian, Trapper and Naturalist

"The Men of the Last Frontier," by Grey Owl; published by MacMillan in Canada; 253 pages, illustrated, $3.50.

THE two chapters on beaver would alone make this book worthy of recommendation to anyone with any interest in forest life. Grey Owl is himself a plains Indian who came years ago to live and trap in Northern Ontario and Quebec, where he was made a "blood brother" of a native. Having lived most of his life as a trapper and yet having strong humanitarian views on animal conservation, his opinions are of unusual interest. The preservation of wild life is too often promoted by kindly, gentle souls who have no comprehension of the "tooth and fang" aspect of nature. We are, of course, familiar too with the ruthless approach which regards all fur bearing animals as immediate economic wealth to be exploited at once without regard for the future. Grey Owl states the case for intelligent conservation.

The impression must not be given that this book is propaganda. It is a very readable description of life in the wilderness as it is today for Indians and white trappers who seek their living north of the height of land in Eastern Canada.

Such chapter headings as "The Trail," "The Still Hunt," "On Being Lost" will indicate the type of material dealt with. There is a vivid section on forest fires which refers rather disparagingly of reforestation efforts as being like putting two pennies in a bank after dissipating a million dollars. Grey Owl's account of domesticating a family of beaver is fascinating reading for any man or growing boy. He tells of what friendly but rowdy companions they became, sleeping on his bunk, chewing his cabin furniture and even reducing "my much-prized Hudson's Bay blanket into an assortment of fantastic patterns."

The style becomes at times rather melodramatic, particularly when it deals with death in the forest, yet death is a dramatic business, and alone in the wilderness it grips the imagination of those of us who are city-bound.

It is surprising to find Grey Owl reporting the liking of the Indian people among whom he lives for Longfellow's Hiawatha. These verses are usually regarded as highly romantic and more colourful than they are accurate. "Longfellow surely grasped the true spirit of the wilderness when he wrote Hiawatha," states Grey Owl. "So much is this recognized among Indians that the poem has been perpetuated by them in the form of a yearly play held at a place called Desborato on Lake Huron. . . Their rendering of Indian songs is worth going far to hear." Can any readers of *The Beaver* provide us with an account of this annual gathering to which the author of this most interesting book refers incidentally in the course of his narrative?—*D.M.*

Tea

"To Think of Tea," by Agnes Repplier; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Those who like their tea above all other drinks would probably revel in this literary history of tea. Miss Repplier has written fairly voluminously about famous tea drinkers from the time when Shen-nung, oriental philosopher, accidentally discovered the flavour made by leaves of tea faggots falling into the pot of water he was boiling. Most of the chapters are on the greater English tea drinkers, though there is one on the "colonies" and on the Orient.

Tea was first brought into England in 1666 by consignment. A few years before it was imported in small quantities, and for many years the price was almost prohibitive. According to Miss Repplier, it was discovered by Shen-nung in 2737 B.C. The tea tax and resultant smuggling made tea a profound influence in English history.

The book gives little light to those wanting to know more about tea. Miss Repplier does state that China still grows the finest tea; and that the tea exported to America is pure and of excellent quality.

Charlotte Peters Hannington gives us a method of making tea which she had from a Boston professor of chemistry who had studied the art of tea making in Indian and China. "Put the tea in the teapot. Throw over it a cup of freshly boiled water. Shake it around and pour off the water. This removes both dirt and possible dye. Then pour in the required cups of boiling water. Allow to infuse for a few minutes, and then pour it off the leaves." —*A.R.M.*

Woman Pioneer

"Elizabeth McDougall, Pioneer," by Edna Kells; The United Church Publishing House, Toronto; 35 cents.

This is the story of a very great woman, a story well told by Edna Kells. Elizabeth McDougall, born a Quaker, was the wife of a pioneer Methodist minister, and something more than that. She was a great Christian; she ministered to her Indian neighbours, nursing them in sickness and feeding them when they were starving; she taught her children friendship and respect for the Indians. Nothing daunted her. When she arrived at the Rossville mission at Norway House on Lake Winnipeg, there was not even shelter for herself and her children. For years each meal consisted of only one article of food. She had had nine children, and she adopted another. She lost two daughters in a smallpox epidemic, and she continued to nurse the stricken Indians and whites. Eventually her gallant missionary husband was frozen to death on the prairie when he had a heart attack. Her youngest son died tragically.

Yet as a grandmother she continued her helpfulness to all about her, nursing the sick, befriending lonely ranch wives, imparting her own courage to lonely settlers. When she died six Indian chiefs bore her to her grave.

The story of her life contains numerous references to the Hudson's Bay Company, many of the missions having been established close to Company posts. Her sons-in-law were Hudson's Bay Company men.—*A.R.M.*

For Boys

"Adventurers All," by Clifford Wilson; illustrated by A. Sherriff Scott; The MacMillan Company of Canada Limited; $2.00.

This is a palatable presentation of Canadian history for children. Boys and girls struggling with the usual school presentation of the country's historic heroes would enjoy it, for Clifford Wilson makes his characters live again, and they tell their own stories.

The Beginning of a Port

"The Founding of Churchill, Being the Journal of Captain James Knight, Governor-in-Chief of Hudson's Bay from July 14 to September 13, 1717;" edited by James F. Kenney, director of Historical Research, Public Archives of Canada, Ottawa; Dent & Sons.

A most readable book, carefully edited with footnotes and useful references. It can be recommended to anyone interested in the early history of the Company or of Hudson Bay.

With the millions of dollars that have been spent on the modern port, it is taking a new grip on existence and a new interest to the people of Canada. For any person who has an interest in the transportation problems of this country, the Hudson Bay railway and the port of Churchill are among the most interesting studies. Dr. Kenney's book on the origin of the port makes an admirable preface to any examination of the picture as a whole.

Community History

"The Trend of the Pioneers;" published by the Portage la Prairie and District Old-Timers Association, 1932, under the patronage of the Government of Manitoba, the Corporation of the City of Portage la Prairie and the council of the rural municipality; written and edited by J. H. Metcalfe; 305 pages with illustrations, $3.00.

This is a competent piece of local historical research undertaken by the people of the community who have accomplished all those valuable assets "the consciousness of history" and the true amateur spirit in historical writing. A greater part of the book is taken up with biographical sketches of early settlers and their families, with some information as to the whereabouts of those living today. The book is generously illustrated with photographs and a frontispiece in full colours of the original old fort by Miss Lynn Sissons. It is particularly gratifying to anyone who has attempted historical research into Western Canadian history to find a community which is so alive to the importance of records of this kind that they are prepared to give time and energy and money to the preparation and publication of these records which will be of inestimable value not only to the historians of the future but to those of succeeding generations who can derive inspiration from the vitality and courage of the pioneers of this district.

Island Lake, Saskatchewan District (Photo R.C.A.F.)

The Mission At the Rapids

St. Andrew's Church on the Banks of The Red River Is in Need of Repair

By M. L. KENNEDY

THE year 1832 was memorable in the life of the Red River Settlement, for it saw the building of Lower Fort Garry as well as the erection of the first spired church at St. Andrews, where a large tract of land had been given by the Hudson's Bay Company "for the establishment of a mission at the Rapids." *The Beaver* of March 1931 mentions that the first service was held here on May 1, 1832.

In 1820 the Rev. John West had come out as the Company's first chaplain, at a salary of one hundred pounds a year, and with him had travelled, via York Factory, their first parochial school master, George Harbidge, to receive a salary of fifty pounds.

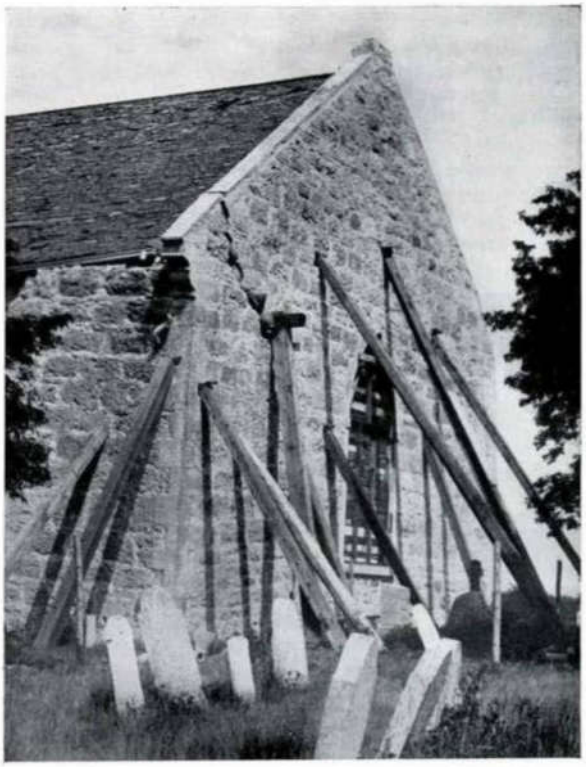
The three succeeding clergymen to hold this chaplaincy were Rev. David T. Jones, Rev. William Cochrane and Rev. John Chapman. In his second year at St. John's, John West was granted fifty pounds a year by that great nursing mother of the world-wide colonial church, the Church Missionary Society, that he might extend the work.

In 1825 David Jones writes home of the need for larger accommodation, and in 1829 the first mission station at St. Andrews was built under Archdeacon Cochrane, who hereafter made this his headquarters, the building being used for residence, church and school.

We may imagine the enthusiasm of St. Andrew's people in 1832 as day by day the log walls of their first real church grew under loving hands, guided by the enthusiastic and sturdy direction of the great man whose tomb is beside the present church entrance, and bears the simple inscription "Archdeacon Cochrane, 1825-1865."

One is sure that the Company was a very substantial contributor to this building, for, in a glowing vein, John West had written to the C.M.I. in August, 1822, as follows: "Our ground of rejoicing is this, the expressed interest and co-operation of the H.B.Co. as affording of activities which otherwise could not be obtained, in seeking to extend the light and influence of the Christian religion among the natives of this vast territory. God be praised! Commerce is now consecrated for this purpose."

In 1838, "Mr. James Leith, an Aberdeenshire gentleman who had been a senior officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, bequeathed £12,000 to be expended for missionary purposes in Rupert's Land. The trustees under Mr. Leith's will obtained, after some time had passed, a decree of the Court of Chancery in England, by which the money was invested for the endowment of a bishopric of Rupert's Land, the judge who granted the decree being largely influenced by the fact that the Hudson's Bay Company bound themselves forever to contribute £300 yearly to the bishop's stipend in the event of such a bishopric being established. The income from the Leith bequest and the contribution of the Company together made up an annual income of £700." (From "Life of Archbishop Machray," by Robert Machray, page 117.)



The present condition of St. Andrew's Church is giving concern to persons who have an active interest in historic sites in the Red River Valley.

In 1844, in consequence of increasing population and church memberships, plans for building a more commodious and substantial edifice took shape. Under the energetic chairmanship of Archdeacon Cochrane, meetings were held; unsolicited gifts were promised, and heartfelt prayers were offered morning and evening in many humble homes for God's blessing on the undertaking. The new building was to be of stone gathered far and near on the banks of the river. The archdeacon was called the Minister of Architecture and Agriculture. He gave unstintedly of himself and his all for God's glory. Again and again we come on references by other clergy to the increasing strain of his enormous activities.

Late in 1845, near a break-down in health, he went to Toronto, believing the severance might be final. A most affecting service was held beside

the church on the high bank of the river, and fervent were the prayers amid tears as the birch-bark canoes bearing the beloved archdeacon and his family paddled out into the river, headed for Upper Fort Garry and the prairie trail through Minnesota.

However, early in 1847, he had regained so much of his old-time strength and vigour that he felt impelled to return and resume his loved work at Red River. It was well that the archdeacon was absent in 1846, for in that year an epidemic of dysentery carried away, it was estimated, one out of every sixteen of the population in the settlement.

In the meantime vigorous preparations had gone on in St. Andrews. Stone, lumber, shingles, nails had been assembled. Extraordinary contributions had been made—ten thousand hand-made shingles from one man, ten pounds (in labour) from a coloured parishioner, each one seeming to vie with the other in generosity.

A very interesting book (in the handwriting of my uncle, Alexander Kennedy, clerk of the vestry, 1844-49) in the archives of Rupert's Land gives a list of contributions to the building of the church.

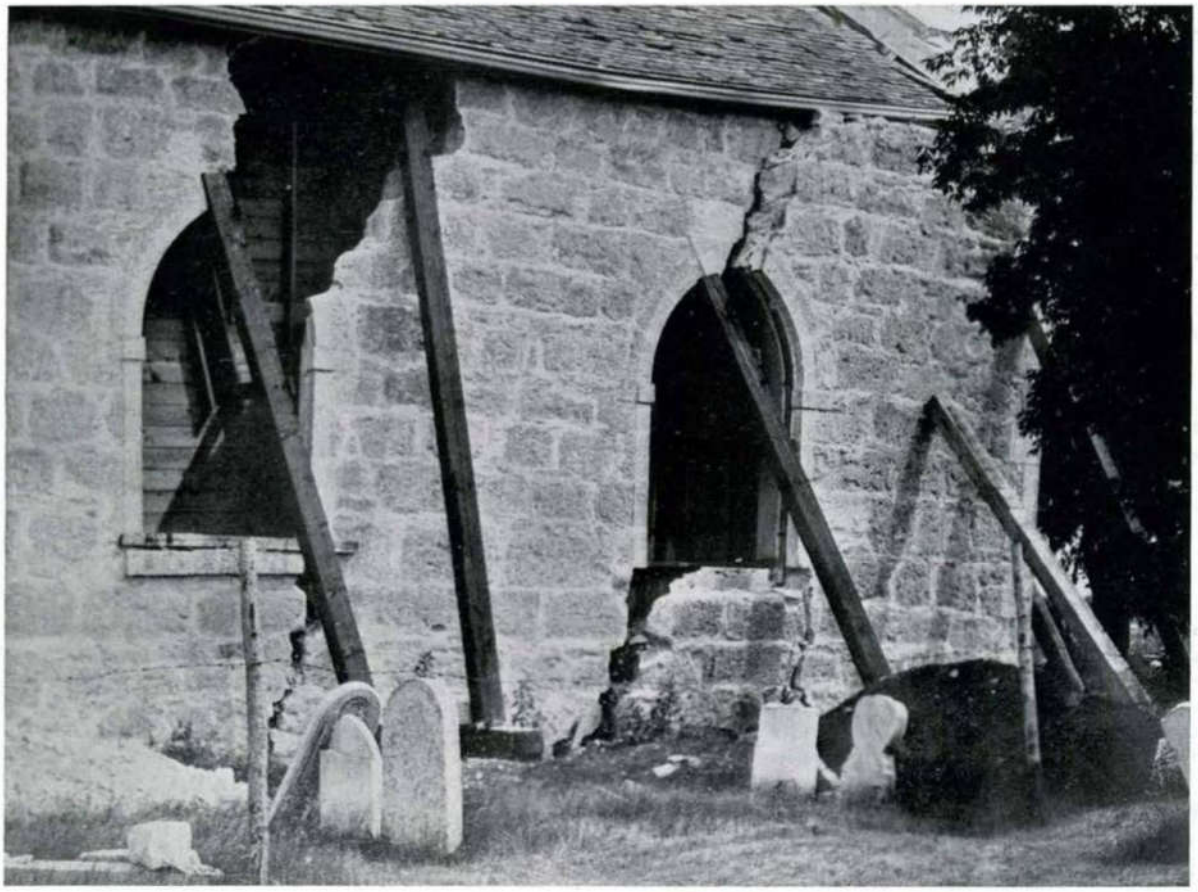
The first entry is dated December 31, 1844. Among items noted are: "Hudson's Bay Company, £100; Duncan McRae, stone mason, £49, 10." The names of workers (so conspicuous in the cemetery) include Tait, McDonald, Tenthwaite, Setter, Fox, Thompson, Spence, Isbister, Spokane Joe Corrigal, Flett, and many Indian and other names. The total contributions amount to nearly a thousand pounds; with many more, we may be sure, unrecorded.

Mrs. Samuel Leask, wife of a churchwarden, told me how the school children of 1847-8 used to play about the excavations and rising walls of the church. One day a boulder, thrown across the drain cutting in which she was hiding, fell and fractured her skull. She was unconscious for days. No doctor was near. Her mother, Mrs. Linklater, cut the hair away and strapped the wound with sticking pasters. She lived well over eighty years.

I asked her the location of the cornerstone of the church laid by Rev. J. Smithurst (the friend of Florence Nightingale). She said that, to the best of her memory, it is at the southwest corner. A jar in it contains coins and records.

The stately new St. Andrew's church was opened free of debt, and was consecrated by Bishop Anderson, on December 29, 1849.

From all over came people on foot, on snow-shoes, in sleigh and dog cariole, many pedestrians setting out before daylight, carrying bannock,



Time and the Waters of the Red River Have Troubled the Stones of This Pioneer Church

pemmican and a cup tied up in a kerchief for refreshment on the way. One can imagine the thrill experienced when, from two miles up the river, the travellers first viewed the beautiful cream coloured stone church standing out against the dark background of the forest. On it their hopes and prayers had centred and self-denying efforts focussed. Large groups of people were assembled about the gate and building. Many men clustered beside the notice board placed on the wall south of the gate—the forerunner of the newspaper.

The Hudson's Bay Company's large front square pew (centred by a table), to the left of the chancel steps, was crowded with its officers and dignitaries from the upper and lower forts. The corresponding one to the right was filled with relatives of the clergy.

Repaired in 1931 at a cost of nearly $5,000, other repairs amounting probably to $1,500 are needed.

The building of the locks, I am convinced, is responsible for seepage of water under the church from the nearby creek. It was formerly a dry ravine.

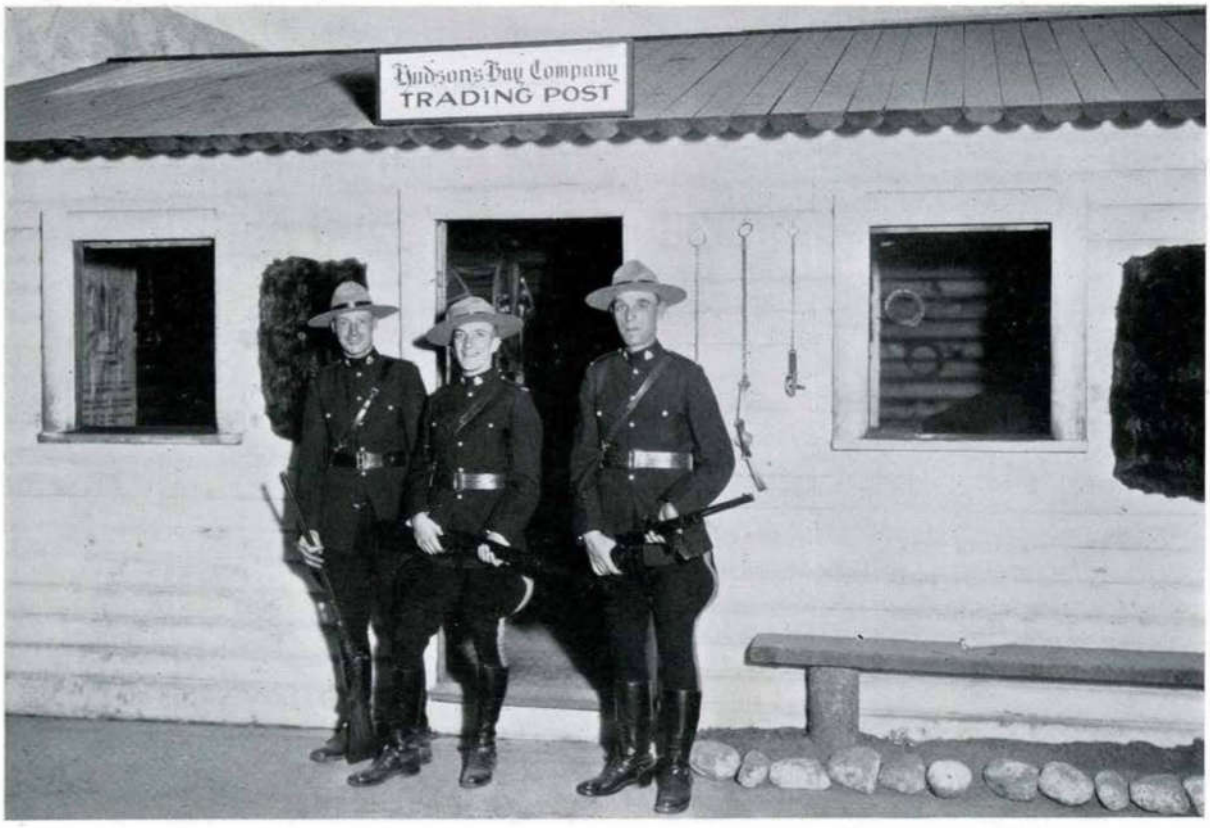
When I was a little girl, my mother and I were walking one Sunday beside the river between our house and the church. The body of a drowned man floated towards us. Coming close in shore, it eddied and disappeared almost at our feet. Two or three days later, it was found in the river near Lockport, and rumour said that a subterranean channel exists between those two points. The bend of the river beside the church has always been considered treacherous and full of eddies.

In the June number of *The Beaver*, page twenty, the delightful description of a present-day service in St. Andrew's church makes one feel a participant in that worship.

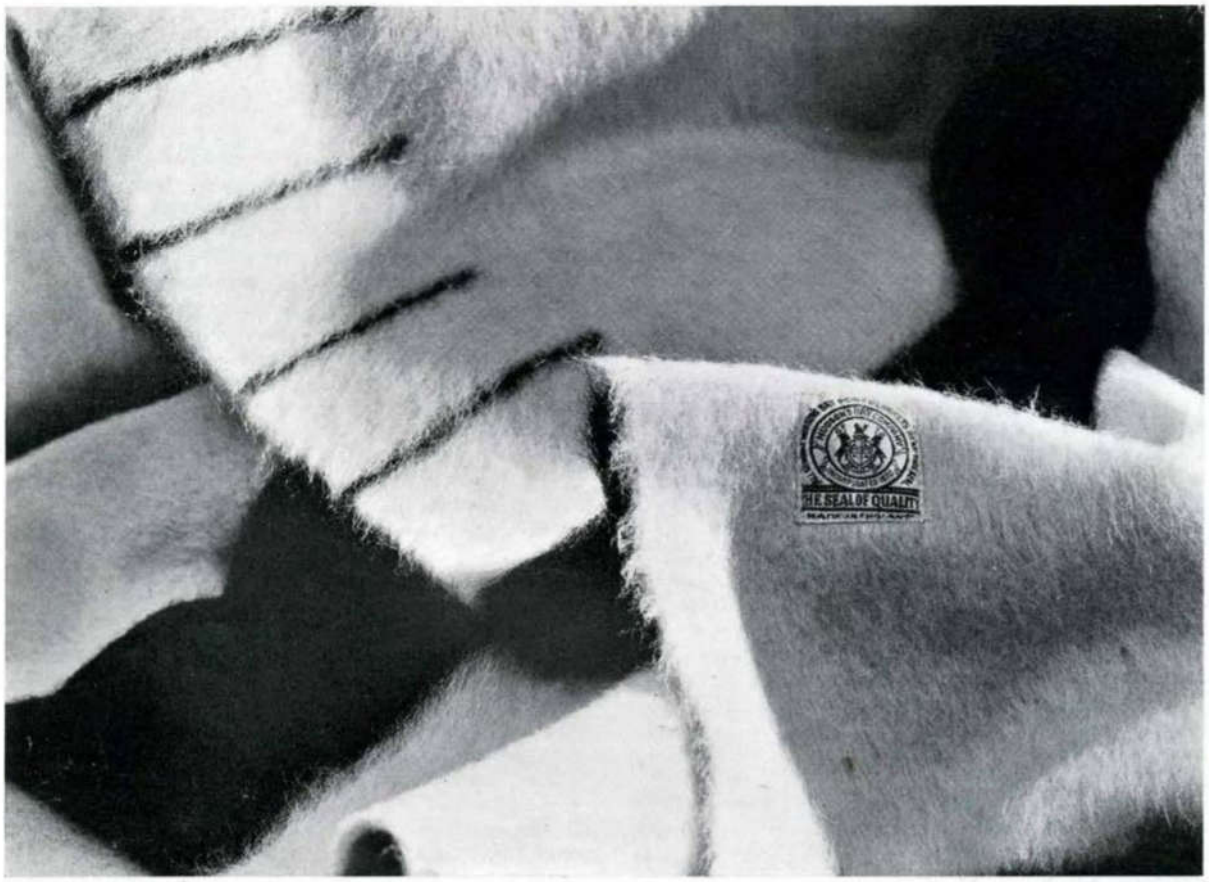
I see again in the beautiful hand-made pulpit those "Leaders of the Church" mentioned by Canon Heeney, and many others whose voices were heard again and again and whose work lives in distant corners of the world—Archdeacon Cowley, Henry Cochrane (an Indian with fluent and exquisite English), Archdeacon Hunter (silver-tongued orator), J. P. Gardiner, John Grisdale (Bishop of Qu'Appelle), Michael Young (Bishop of Athabasca), Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, and many, many more. And memory brings back a stately procession of pioneer Hudson's Bay Company officers proceeding up the aisle with their families. Donald A. Smith (who about 1837 had been sent forth into the northern wilderness at the same time as my father was sent to Fort Chimo), W. J. Christie, James Grahame, Robert Campbell, Richard Hardisty, McDonalds, Finlaysons, Parsons, Fortescue, Murray, Flett, and many others.

In the cemetery our feet tread reverently over unrecorded graves, as we try to trace some of the names and dates now nearly obliterated by time.

Rev. H. J. Tomkins, M.A., is the present rector.



The Police Inspect Our Armament at the Regina Exhibit



The "points" are the old trading marks. Above is a Four-Point Blanket 72x90 inches, 12 pounds per pair, there are also 3½-point, 63x81 inches, 10 pounds per pair, in standard colours or pastel shades.

For Tonight and For the Generations

WHO in all Canada should know blanket value better than the men of the Hudson's Bay Company? Literally, the experience of centuries of travel in the North is present in the specifications of these "Point" Blankets. In the writings of explorers and prospectors the praise of these blankets is unanimous and the pioneer families of the prairie prize their H B C Blankets as heirlooms.

Today, in a series of five pastel shades, Hudson's Bay Point Blankets are used in modern homes. They are not satin bound because they will not fray, and washing does not impair their extraordinary length of life.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

The Fur Trade

Commissioner's Office

The *SS. Nascopie* sailed from Montreal on the morning of July 8. Among the passengers, besides the Dominion Government party and our own employees, were Mr. Harold O'Neil, editor of the *Sunday Times*, New Brunswick, N.J., who is making the round trip; Mr. J. J. Heard and his son Donald, of Pittsburg, who were going as far as Moosonee; Archdeacon A. L. Fleming, making a tour of inspection of the Eastern Arctic mission stations; Rev. G. L. Nielson, who is to be stationed at Lake Harbour this winter, relieving Rev. C. W. and Mrs. Bailey, who are coming out via Moosonee; Mr. R. J. C. Hanford, general manager of the Revillon Freres Trading Company Limited, accompanied by Mr. J. Berthe, who left the ship at Port Burwell to proceed by motor boat to their posts in Ungava Bay, Hudson Strait and the east coast of Hudson Bay. Mrs. H. Hutton joined the ship at Cartwright to make the round trip from there. Mr. D. H. Laird, the Company's solicitor, and Mr. L. T. Ohnstad, of Duluth, made the trip from Charlton to Churchill. From Churchill, Dr. Colin Ross, German newspaper representative, and Mr. Russell Owen, special writer of the New York *Times*, are making the trip via the Arctic to St. John's. Dr. Ross is accompanied by his wife and son. Mr. T. H. Manning, English scientist, is taking passage from Churchill to Southampton Island. He will spend the winter at Southampton Island and plans to spend the following winter in Baffinland.

The Fur Trade Commissioner, after visiting Vancouver and points *en route* during May, proceeded to James Bay early in June where, accompanied by J. W. Anderson, district manager, he made an extensive inspection of the posts of that district, using the motor vessel *Fort Amadjuak*, which was transferred last spring to James Bay from Montreal. Returning from James Bay to Montreal, calls were made at the North Bay and Toronto fur purchasing agencies. Taking passage on the *Nascopie* from Montreal to Cartwright, he then proceeded north by the Labrador mail steamer as far as Hopedale, and thence back to St. John's, visiting all the Labrador posts *en route*. The return to Winnipeg in August was made via Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto. He will leave for England early in September, sailing from Montreal on the *Aurania* and returning via New York on the *Empress of Britain* early in October.

The *SS. Anoyox*, chartered this season to supply the Western Arctic district, sailed from Vancouver July 6, but owing to damage taken in very heavy ice about one hundred and fifty miles south of Point Barrow, she had to return first to Teller and then to Dutch Harbour for temporary repairs. As permanent repairs could not be effected at either of these places, she was forced to return to Vancouver, and as it was too late then to attempt to make the voyage even to Herschel Island, the voyage was abandoned. The supplies for the Western Arctic were duplicated and shipped to Aklavik over the Mackenzie River route and distributed from there by local vessels. P. Patmore took passage from Vancouver, as usual. Apprentices Cunningham and Copland were the only other passengers on board.

Among visitors from out of town recently, we have had Dr. E. L. Stone, C.M.G., of the Department of Indian Affairs, who was on an inspection trip of the western reserves and hospitals; Mr. C. Landau, of Landau & Cormack, Montreal; Archbishop Stringer, Bishop Dewdney, Bishop Turquetil; Mr. J. Macdonough, late of the firm of Spence & Macdonough and now of Chartered Explorers Limited, Toronto; and Mr. George R. Ray, of the Northern Traders. Bishop Turquetil purchased a schooner down east and is having her brought round by Hudson Strait to Churchill, where she will be based.

F. E. Heath, J. A. Thom and Ralph Jardine have been transferred from the St. Lawrence-Ungava and Labrador districts to the Western Arctic. They spent a few days in Winnipeg on their way through.

Mr. Carl Jones, managing editor of the Minneapolis *Journal*, and Mr. E. S. Gales, president of the Minnesota Historical Association, visited the seaport at Churchill recently and were greatly impressed with their visit. Mr. J. C. Shields, of Pembina, Wisconsin, accompanied by Mrs. Shields and members of their family, also made the trip to Churchill and thoroughly enjoyed it. Mr. Shields is particularly interested in visiting the less frequented places in Canada.

E. W. Fletcher visited Montreal, Toronto and North Bay during July, and Vancouver and Edmonton later.

J. LeM. Jandron is at present relieving the post manager at Gogama.

H. P. Warne has visited all the fur purchasing agencies from Montreal west during the past few months, and also attended with Leonard French at the recent fur sales in Seattle. R. Wardrop, assistant at the Vancouver agency, has been promoted to the charge of the agency at Prince Rupert. A. M. Jones made a buying trip down the Mackenzie river this summer. After joining the ranks of the Benedicts at Edmonton at the beginning of August, he started out for a holiday in England. Frank L. Heyes, of the Toronto agency, is also on holiday in England. He too was contemplating matrimony. J. J. G. Rosser, of Prince Albert, was in attendance at the Company's exhibit at the Regina exhibition, and we hear he put it over in a big way. Paul Mehmel, of Montreal, will be visiting the London fur warehouse this fall, and will probably sail for England early in September. Wm. Ritchie is, of course, making his annual cruise to the Eastern Arctic on the *Nascopie*. Meantime Miss King is carrying on at North Bay. J. C.

Donald, of the Montreal agency, returned from his holiday in England, during which time he spent some time at the London fur warehouse and has been engaged during the summer with the Mackenzie River transport.

W. O. Douglas, who spent some time at the London fur warehouse this spring, returned to Montreal on the *SS. Nascopie*. Later, he proceeded with her to Cartwright to inspect the fur farm there, and will return via the north shore to Montreal, visiting the Mingan fur farm *en route*. During his visit to England, Mr. Douglas visited a number of fur farms there and on the continent and collected a great deal of interesting information regarding the industry and the methods used there.

J. Cantley visited Vancouver prior to the sailing of the *SS. Anyox*.

General Balbo, commanding the Italian air armada, purchased a very fine assortment of furs from our agency at Montreal during his visit.

The following apprentices have been engaged in Winnipeg recently and have been assigned to various districts, viz: Frank Schoales, Nelson River; J. W. Law, Saskatchewan; J. McKenzie Ross, A. A. Holliday and L. B. Worsley, Mackenzie-Athabasca. We wish them every success.

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British Columbia District

At the time of writing, visitors to the district office since last publication were the Fur Trade Commissioner; C. W. Veysey, manager of the Company's wholesale division; H. P. Warne, manager of fur purchasing agencies; E. W. Fletcher, Fur Trade controller; W. E. Brown, inspector; J. Cantley, of the F.T.C.O.; and G. M. Duddy, manager of Fort McMurray post.

The district manager left Vancouver on 18th May to inspect Whitewater, Fort Grahame and McLeod's Lake posts, and returned to Vancouver on 22nd June.

W. E. Brown left on 1st July to inspect posts in the Cassiar sector, and at the time of writing is still in that area.

We welcome to the staff of this district S. E. Blaxell, who has been placed in charge of Kitwanga post; J. Cox, who has been engaged as apprentice and is also stationed at Kitwanga; B. M. Smith, who has been engaged as an apprentice and sent to Telegraph Creek; L. S. McBride, clerk, who has been sent to Fort St. James; and W. L. Burk, who has been sent to Hazelton.

J. Ware has been transferred from Old Fort outpost to the charge of Whitewater post. J. Fleming has been transferred from Kitwanga to Old Fort outpost. L. T. Kempple has been transferred from Whitewater post to the charge of Fort Grahame. J. Melnyk, who has been in charge of Fort Grahame for the past year, is on furlough.

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Mackenzie-Athabasca District

On May 9, 1933, our store at Fort Fitzgerald was destroyed by fire originating in one of the transport department warehouses in the early hours of the morning. The fire, fanned by a strong breeze, spread until it reached the store and completely gutted it. Business has since been carried on in temporary premises and new buildings will be erected this year.

The district manager, J. Bartleman, has spent the summer inspecting posts in the Mackenzie River section of the district. Using steamer, canoe and aeroplane, he has visited all posts from Fort McMurray to Fort McPherson on the main steamer route, and also posts around Great Slave Lake, Lake Athabasca and the Liard river. He also visited Cameron Bay, Great Bear Lake, where we are establishing this summer a post to be known as Fort Dease.

Throughout the district we learn of a great shortage of musquash, some of our posts, where these animals are generally very numerous, reporting that the very unusual weather conditions which prevailed last winter caused thousands of the animals to perish.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, of Keg River post, upon the birth of a daughter on June 30, 1933.

Many of the staff in this district and elsewhere who remember Jack Gregg, one-time post manager at Fort Smith, Hudson's Hope, etc., will be interested to know that he was recently married to Miss Dorothy Rule, of Edmonton, sister of our district office cashier. We extend our congratulations to Mr. Gregg.

Since the publication of the last issue of *The Beaver*, we have had visits from I. M. Mackinnon, of LeGoff post; A. H. Russell, of Hudson's Hope post; G. A. Russell, of Grande Prairie; R. Walker, of Fond du Lac post; P. Forman, of Cold Lake post; Geo. S. M. Duddy, of Fort McMurray post; J. F. Seguin, of Fort St. John post; O. Rheaume, of Grouard post; and J. F. Topping, of Upper Hay River post.

We welcome several newcomers to the district: Apprentice Clerks L. B. Worsley at Fort McPherson, R. A. Craig at Fort Simpson, H. C. Borbridge at Fort Vermilion, and A. A. Holliday at Wabasca.

Many of the staff will regret the departure from the Northwest Territories of Mr. T. W. Flynn Harris, Indian agent, at Fort Good Hope. After having spent seventeen years in that capacity, Mr. Harris has retired and will in future live at Cold Lake, Alberta. Formerly with the old Northwest Mounted Police, and, like many old-timers, once in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Harris has a wide range of friends. Much to the surprise of many new acquaintances, Mr. Harris was ever ready to round off an allusion with a classical quip worthy of Horace or Aristophanes.

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Western Arctic District

Mr. Bonnycastle is still in the North on his inspection trip. He flew out from Coppermine to Fort Norman, and from there proceeded to Aklavik by canoe. Since then he has left for Baillie Island for the yearly inspection and will then return to Aklavik.

We are pleased to welcome into the district the following post managers who have been transferred from eastern districts: F. E. Heath, R. Jardine, J. A. Thom.

We also welcome the following new apprentices: Thos. Scurfield, J. E. Sidgwick, E. H. Riddell, R. Cunningham, and J. Copeland. The last two mentioned apprentices took passage on the *SS. Anyox*, but as that boat has not been able to complete her voyage they will be returning to Vancouver.

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Nelson River District

The transport season on Hudson Bay is now in full swing. The *M.S. Fort Severn* left Churchill on her first trip on July 3, for York Factory and Port Nelson. The trip ordinarily takes about five days, but owing to ice conditions the trip took fifteen days this year.

A. MacKintosh came out from Trout Lake post on furlough and arrived in Winnipeg on August 1.

We are pleased to welcome the following new apprentices: W. H. Green, J. A. Trafford, F. Schoales.

J. Spence returned from furlough, arriving in Winnipeg on June 20, and proceeded to Churchill, from which point he will proceed to Baker Lake as post manager.

We are also pleased to welcome Mr. Butchart, who has been appointed post manager at Wabowden. Mr. Butchart left Winnipeg for his post on August 4.

A. W. Anderson, former post manager at Wabowden post, has now been transferred to Nelson House.

Apprentice G. Robertson came out from Nelson House on June 3, and proceeded to the Old Country on furlough.

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Saskatchewan District

The district manager has recently returned from an inspection trip which included Green Lake, Isle a la Crosse, Clear Lake, Pine River, Souris River, Lac la Ronge and Montreal Lake posts. At the posts visited most of the trappers were busy getting outfitted in preparation for next winter's activities. In the Churchill River sector the water is again abnormally high, and most of the settlers are experiencing considerable difficulty in conducting haying operations on this account.

G. C. M. Collins, H. A. McDonald, T. McEwan and D. Paterson are at present in Winnipeg taking a special course in fur grading.

Wm. Gowans, post manager at Pas Mountain, is at present on furlough in Scotland renewing old acquaintances.

J. Stewart, post manager at Clear Lake, is at present on furlough visiting friends in Toronto. "Jock" will probably have some interesting news when he returns; in fact, it is rumoured that he may not return alone.

The following staff changes have taken place during the present outfit: Apprentice Clerk J. Lawrie was transferred from Green Lake to Rossville outpost; Apprentice Clerk W. Hendry was transferred from Island Lake to the management of Deer Lake post; Apprentice Clerk J. Goldie was transferred from Fort Alexander to Little Grand Rapids; Apprentice Clerk W. C. Brownie was transferred from Clear Lake post to Nelson River district; Apprentice Clerk W. C. Stuart was transferred from Beren's River to God's Lake post; W. R. Henry was transferred from Souris River post to Poplar River outpost

We welcome Willhelm Halderson, who was engaged in June as apprentice and has been sent to Fort Alexander post.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Barton, who were married in Winnipeg on August 19.

Considerable activity is taking place this season at Norway House, numerous prospectors outfitting at that point for the mines being established at God's Lake and Island Lake. A number of prospectors have flown into this territory from Wabowden, and there is quite an extensive interest being displayed in the discoveries being made in this field.

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Superior-Huron District

There has been considerable activity in mining circles in Ontario this summer, particularly at the Mackenzie property, Red Lake, the Nortricia mining property, Red Lake, Metropolitan Mines, Bucke, and St. Anthony Gold Mines, Bucke.

The station previously located between King and White River on the main line of the C.P.R. has been moved to Mobert.

Canadian Airways completed the English River and Ogoki freighting early in June.

The Government has decided to undertake the raising of the level of Lac Seul, and before long it is estimated that several thousands of men will be employed clearing timber from between the shoreline and the proposed new level. Suitable camps, etc., are being erected, and the small town of Hudson is the centre of activity.

Forest fires have been particularly bad in the vicinity of Long Lake this year, and also near Allanwater and Red Lake.

A serious fire occurred at the Howey Mine townsite on 23rd June, when the hotel, post office, lunch counter and barber shop were completely demolished. Damage was also done to Kert's store.

Messrs. Macaw & Macdonald, of Winnipeg, are in charge of the construction of our new post buildings on the Howey Mine townsite at Red Lake. It is expected they will be ready for occupancy by October 1.

M. Cowan, acting district manager, visited Missanabie, Nipigon and Dinorwic early in June and paid a short visit to Red Lake in July.

W. Black, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office, has visited a number of line posts this season and given very valuable and helpful instruction regarding merchandising.

J. L. P. Plamondon has been taken on the staff at Gogama post, as assistant.

O. E. Butterill, formerly at Pine Ridge, is now in charge of Nipigon post. Wm. Gregory, from Red Lake, is in charge at Pine Ridge, and J. E. Holden is the new manager at Red Lake, having been transferred from Cavell. G. D. Taylor, previously assistant at Long Lake is now manager at Cavell, and C. W. Taylor has been taken on as assistant at Long Lake.

Wm. Lloyd is at present attached to the Sioux Lookout staff.

Wm. Macfarlane, English River, A. Hughes, Osnaburgh, and J. R. Patience, Grassy Narrows, have all been absent from their posts for medical attention.

W. S. Franklin, formerly at Red Lake, is at English River relieving Mr. Macfarlane.

W. R. Cargill, J. A. Glass and H. Lariviere are at present in Winnipeg receiving instruction at the Winnipeg fur purchasing agency.

At time of writing, M. Cowan, acting district manager, is on an inspection trip covering Ombabika, Kagainagami, Fort Hope, Lansdowne House, English River and Ogoki.

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James Bay District

Chief Factor Ralph Parsons visited Moose Factory during June, and also made an inspection of the coast posts of this district in the *Fort Amadjuak*. He was accompanied by the district manager.

H. E. George, inspector for Revillon Freres, is once again in James and Hudson bays inspecting that firm's various branches.

Walter Black arrived at Moose Factory on July 1 and spent about ten days in rearranging and generally overhauling the store and stocks. Our Moose Factory store is now up to date and is kept in first class condition by W. H. Houston.

The schooner *Fort Hope* has been chartered to a party of twenty Americans under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd Melville, of Algonquin camps. They expect to spend from one month to six weeks cruising the waters of the bay and stopping at the various rivers and islands for fishing, etc.

Colonel Mermegan, of the M.S.C.C., Winnipeg, spent one week at Moose Factory inspecting the local Indian residential school.

W. T. Watt, formerly post manager at Moose Factory, has been transferred to Fort George post. Norman A. Wilding takes his place at Moose Factory. Before proceeding to Fort George, Mr. and Mrs. Watt spent a short vacation in Montreal and Toronto, and at the former place met their son, Billy, who has been in Scotland for the past three years.

We regret to report that R. H. Cook, post manager at Weenusk, was recently bereaved by the death of his father. Mr. Cook is proceeding to the United Kingdom on furlough this autumn.

D. C. Bremner, after undergoing medical treatment at Barrie, Ontario, during the winter, returned to Moose Factory in May, and now has charge of Nemaska post, relieving Norman Matthew, who goes to Scotland on furlough this winter.

Inspector Reemes of the R.C.M.P. spent a short time in this vicinity during July. He visited Eastmain and Rupert's House posts in company with Corporal Covell and Doctor Tyrer, of the Department of Indian Affairs, in the department's motor boat *Charles Stewart*. Corporal Covell took out an Eskimo prisoner. Mrs. E. A. Joselyn was a passenger on the *Fort Churchill* to Albany post on the first trip and will remain there until autumn visiting her son, Rev. R. A. Joselyn. Mrs. (Rev.) George Morrow returned to Rupert's House by the *Fort Charles*, after spending the winter "outside."

The annual treaty party arrived at Moose Factory by aeroplane from the North on 19th July and made the usual payments to the Indian band here. The party was again in charge of Mr. H. N. Awrey, who has made the trip by canoes and aeroplanes, etc., for the past twenty-three years. Flight-Lieut. A. Carter was in charge of the two R.C.A.F. planes.

Apprentice Wm. Fowlie, who was also on the sick list during last winter, has now left for Albany post to take up duties there.

R. J. Spalding has been transferred from Attawapiskat to Moose Factory, where he will remain until November next, after which he will proceed to Scotland on furlough. Walter A. Watt, of Albany post, is also to go on furlough this autumn.

Robt. Cruikshank, formerly of Ungava district, is a newcomer to this district and will take charge of the new post on the Belcher islands. The necessary lumber and equipment are being shipped to the islands on the *Fort Churchill* this summer, and the new post will be operated as a separate unit instead of an outpost of Great Whale River.

On her trip to Fort George, the *Fort Churchill* had quite a passenger list: Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Watt, Miss Quirt, Miss Cox, Miss Nesbit and Miss McCabe for the Anglican school; Rt. Rev. Bishop Rheume, Father Belleau and three nuns.

Rev. Father Belleau, formerly of Attawapiskat, has been transferred to the charge of the Roman Catholic mission at Fort George. Rev. Father Mielleur, formerly of Fort George, has gone to Attawapiskat after a short vacation "outside."

Passengers by return of the *Fort Churchill* from Fort George will be Rev. Canon and Mrs. Griffin, Mr. Summers and Mr. A. G. Boas.

Capt. J. O. Nielsen, far famed for his geniality, is again sailing the waters of James Bay in charge of the *Fort Churchill*, and in this connection we can do no better than quote the words of the Cochrane *Northland Post*: "Mr. H. E. Palmer is going north with Capt. J. O. Nielsen, and we wish both of them a good summer and a safe return to their loved ones."

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St. Lawrence-Ungava District

The *SS. Nascopie* arrived at Montreal on Thursday, June 29, and berthed at shed 6. She brought over a few passengers, who consisted of Messers. W. O. Douglas, A. B. Fraser, John Allan; Mr. Barnes and Mr. Askew, of Revillon Freres; and W. T. Watt's son. She left on Saturday morning, July 8, for Hudson Straits and Hudson Bay.

We had the pleasure of a visit from the Deputy Governor, Sir Alexander Murray, who arrived from Great Britain at Quebec on board the *SS. Empress of Britain* on Thursday, August 3. He was accompanied by the General Manager, Mr. P. A. Chester.

The Fur Trade Commissioner was a visitor at the office on his return from the Labrador district.

E. W. Fletcher, Fur Trade comptroller, spent a few days here during the first week in July.

Leo. Hennessy, late employee of the Company at this office, passed away in Hamilton, Ontario, on 13th July.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Swaffield, of Manowan post, on June 17. Congratulations.

Walter Black, of Winnipeg, is at present visiting La Sarre, Senneterre, Oskelaneo, Weymontachingue and Pointe Bleue.

The following were recently employed as apprentices for the district: Jean Fiset, Natashquan; Thomas Morse, Blanc Sablon; O. David, Weymontachingue; K. B. Edsall, Oskelaneo.

Mr. J. Gausden has been transferred to the charge of Oskelaneo post, and C. E. Latour has been sent to replace him at La Sarre. D. Cooter, formerly of Pointe Bleue, is now assisting at Seven Islands. J. A. Burgesse, of that post, replacing him at Pointe Bleue. T. D. Lindley, formerly assistant at Blanc Sablon, is now taking charge of Seven Islands post in place of J. G. Fousseau, who is on a year's furlough on account of ill health. Bernard Clench, formerly of Labrador district, has gone to Bersimis to relieve C. Picaude, who is also on sick leave.

A. Macpherson, of the district office staff, was married on Tuesday, July 11, to Miss Jean Finley. The office staff presented the newly-weds with an electric mantle clock. They left the same night for Winnipeg, where Mr. Macpherson has been transferred.

On Friday, 14th July, the Italian squadron arrived and landed at the Fairchild anchorage, bringing with them mail from the *SS. Nascopie* at Cartwright. Several members of the squadron visited the fur purchasing agency and purchased a considerable amount of made up furs.

Visitors to the office during the past quarter included; Superintendent Mead, R. C. M. Police; Bishop Turquetil; Captain Isaac Barbour; Messrs. Butchart and Blaxell, of Saskatchewan district; Captain Fournier; W. E. Swaffield, Sr.; H. H. Hall; H. G. Evans, Oskelaneo post; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Watt, of Moose Factory; Reverend Clench, of Newfoundland; D. MacKay, of the Canadian Committee office; F. Heyes, of the Toronto fur purchasing agency; Garon Pratte, C. G. Dunn, Messrs. J. L. and F. C. Gaudet; H. Lariviere, of Mattice post; A. Hughes, Lac Seul post; Walter Black, Captain Mercier; P. J. Romeril, of Seven Islands. Roy Wheeler, James Bay district; G. Fowlie, Pointe Bleue post.

The district manager, during the past quarter, visited Havre St. Pierre, Romaine, Matashquan, St. Augustine and Blanc Sablon, and is now engaged in the annual inspection of the Ungava section posts.

Labrador District

During the latter part of July we were visited by the Fur Trade Commissioner, who arrived from Montreal via Cartwright. The Commissioner spent a week with us and left again for Montreal by express on August 1. He was accompanied on his trip by C. T. Butler, of the Montreal staff.

The district manager is now on an inspection tour of the Northern Labrador posts, having taken passage by the *M.S. Fort Garry* as far as Hebron, when that vessel made her voyage to Ungava Bay.

The *M.S. Fort Garry* arrived at Port Burwell on July 31, and is now distributing supplies to Ungava Bay posts.

Cartwright post has been figuring very much in the news lately owing to the publicity given the flight of the Italian air squadron from Rome to Chicago via Cartwright. The refuelling of the air squadron at Cartwright was carried out under the supervision of the Imperial Oil Limited with the co-operation of the Company's staff.

B. G. C. Clench left for Montreal by the *SS. Belle Isle* on 28th July. E. N. White proceeded to Hopedale during the latter part of June to relieve Mr. Cobb, who is now at St. John's enjoying a short furlough. Mr. Cobb will be returning to his post again during the early fall.

Good cod fishing is reported at Makkovik and Hopedale and other Labrador points.

A new wireless station was formally opened at Signal Hill, St. John's, on August 5, the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Sir Humphrey Gilbert at King's Beach, St. John's. This station will handle all Labrador traffic in future, instead of through Fogo and land lines as formerly, and will give Labrador a better service in this respect.

Cartwright was the scene of great preparations and activity for the epoch-making flight of the Italian air fleet under the command of General Balbo.

Earliest to arrive was the naval yacht *Alice* with a party of officers and junior ratings in charge of Colonel Barba, and with the *SS. Ungava* as transport.

Arrangements had been previously made with the Hudson's Bay Company for all unloading, and immediately anchors were down the scows were alongside and discharging commenced. Crates containing a complete aeroplane, cylinders of hydrogen gas for balloons, spare parts of all description and sizes, 16,000 gallons of gas and oil, all came tumbling ashore in the course of the next three days. Apparent chaos reigned, but in a short time Colonel Barba had orderliness and each unit on its own ground—the meteological men with the balloons, hydrogen gas and equipment segregated, a spare aeroplane in sections stored separately, and what appeared to be a whole factory of parts housed and ready for any emergency.

The harbour was next given attention, and anchor buoys placed in position. These were of different colours corresponding to an arranged plan, so that each squadron knew their landing position.

On the morning of 12th July, we were awakened by the *Alice's* siren blaring out the information that the 1500-mile journey from Iceland to Cartwright had commenced.

Constant touch was kept up with *SS. Alice* throughout the day, and when the first planes were sighted excitement on board and in the settlement reached fever pitch. The *Alice*, *SS. Blue Peter*, *SS. Jelling* (Pan American Airways supply ship) sent up welcoming blasts.

Flying in sections of three and at intervals of twenty minutes, and headed by General Balbo's squadronette, the fleet presented a magnificent spectacle as each in turn circled the village before gliding downwards to a perfect landing.

The Newfoundland Government was represented by M. Murphy, J.P., collector of customs at this port, while the post manager of the Company was there to present General Balbo with the congratulatory message from our Governor.

Weather conditions being excellent, the General decided to continue the flight next morning. At 9.30 a.m. officers and mechanics were back on their ships making preparatory movements for the hop off, and at 10.30 General Balbo cast off, and in a few seconds had risen from the water, and, mounting rapidly, was soon heading southwards.

The tension and anxiety under which Colonel Barba and his assistants had laboured to ensure the safety and comfort of the armada were now relaxed, and in more leisurely style the work of dismantling and reloading all the material, etc., on board the *Alice* proceeded.

On the morning of the 17th she departed for Shoal Harbour, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. Before departing, Colonel Barba expressed his appreciation for the assistance and services he had received while in Cartwright, and that General Balbo was immensely pleased at the evidence of co-operation from the Hudson's Bay Company.

Our hotel, operated in conjunction with our tourist programme, has been well patronized this summer.

The *SS. Nascopie* arrived on 13th July. It was good to see the old reliable back on her route and in charge of one of our own captains. Probably due to the underlying feeling that she is our own, there is something H B C about her which no other vessel seems to acquire.

Inspector Wunch and Mr. R. J. C. Handford, both keen fishermen, took the opportunity of having a day salmon fishing at Eagle River. The inspector returned with two lovely fish, one fifteen pounds and the other twelve.

The frozen salmon factory ship *Blue Peter* sailed for England on 21st July with 1,200,000 pounds of fish for the European market.

We had the pleasure of welcoming Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh to our settlement on their way to Greenland. During their stay they were guests at our hotel.—*J. B.*

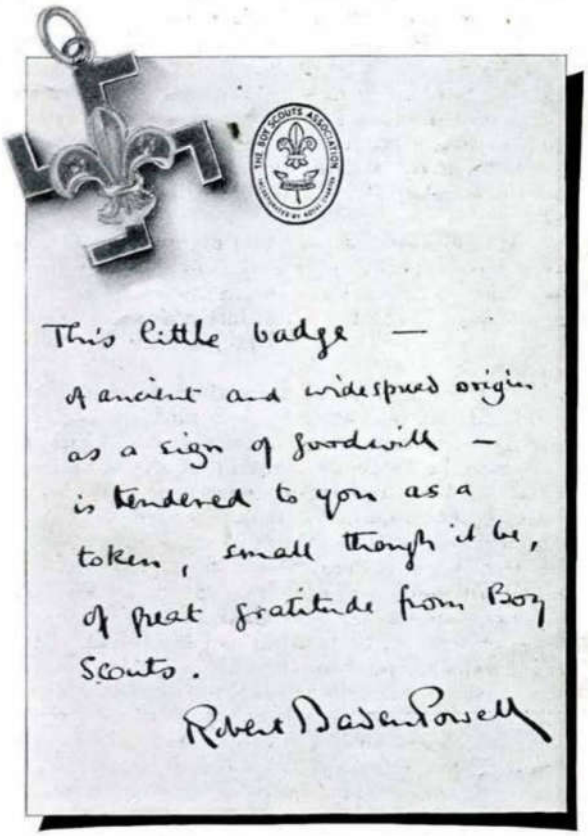
The Beaver is printed by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada, specializing in the production of the better class of periodicals, brochures and art printing.

Obituary

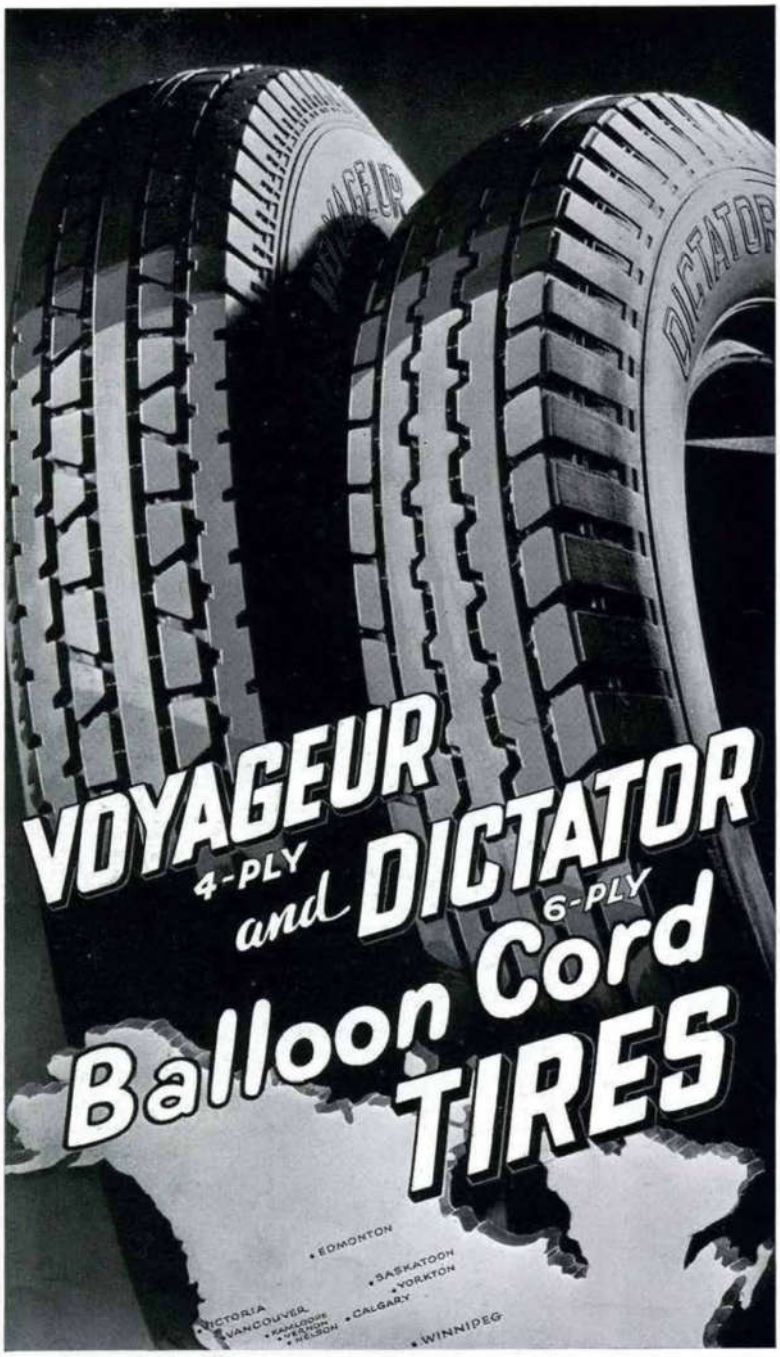
Arthur Henry Griffin, aged seventy-three, died at Edmonton early in the summer. Mr. Griffin was born at Fort Churchill, the son of the late Charles G. Griffin, a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Griffin had served in the North-west Mounted Police, had prospected in Alaska, and afterwards joined the Hudson's Bay Company, managing the post at Wabiskaw for twelve years.

Ann Mary Macfarlane, widow of Roderick Macfarlane, died early this summer at her home in Vancouver. Mrs. Macfarlane was a member of the famous Christie family, whose services to the Hudson's Bay Company are well known. She was born at Isle a la Crosse eighty-one years ago, the daughter of Chief Factor Alexander Christie. In 1870 she married Factor Roderick Macfarlane, who became a chief factor in 1874.

Captain Gus Foellmer, aged sixty-five, veteran member of the British Columbia coast pilotage service, died at St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, late in May. Captain Foellmer commanded both the *Lady Kindersley* and the *Baychimo*.


This little badge —
A ancient and widespred origin
as a sign of goodwill —
is tendered to you as a
token, small though it be,
of great gratitude from Boy
Scouts.
Robert Baden-Powell

On the foredeck of the Nascopie on the afternoon of 12th July, the ship's passengers were assembled to be present at the presentation of the official Thanks Badge on behalf of the Boy Scout Association by King's Scout Eric Liddell to Mr. Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner. Scout Liddell thanked Mr. Parsons for his kindness in making his trip on the Nascopie possible. The Thanks Badge entitles its owners to call for assistance from Boy Scouts any place in the world and is given very rarely.



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Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

A Simple Fur Trade Tale

(*Continued from Page 11*)

He poured out the tea and drank the bottle of ink instead. He was very happy when he got home, and his wife liked the dresses and hat and beads, though she wondered if the radio and fountain pen had not cost more.

The post manager sent the foxes to London to be sold, and at London they were graded "No. 3 Damp," "No. 4 Mangy." Next time the district office mail arrived at the post, the post manager went back with the postman. The district office told him the fox skins weren't worth two cents, and he had better look for another job. The post manager was upset because he hadn't enough money to retire on, and he didn't like the idea of starting work at his time of life. But when he remembered how happy he had made the Uktukaluks, he felt happy himself and left without regrets.

Governor-General at Moose Factory

(*Continued from Page 13*)

prevent the encroachment of the French too far upon the West Main," and the necessity for the adoption of these precautionary measures is amply witnessed by the fact that six years later, in 1686, the fort was captured by the French under Chevalier de Troyes, who renamed it St. Louis.

In 1693 the English recaptured Moose from the French, but within a short time the latter "sent such a Power against the English that they again drove them from all their Settlements" in James Bay.

In 1696 the Company's ships, assisted by two British men-of-war, once again obtained possession of Moose Factory and adjacent forts from their enemies, but under the terms of the Treaty of Ryswick (agreed to in the following year) the British agreed to surrender to France all their forts in the bay with the single exception of Albany.

At the conclusion of Marlborough's campaign in 1713, the whole of Hudson Bay was restored to Great Britain under the Treaty of Utrecht, but no attempt to re-establish Moose was made until 1728, when Governor Joseph Myatt sent William Bevan to survey Moose river, which, he stated "may be of Great Service" to the Company if they "are pleased to settle yt. place." Later Bevan reported having "Discovered the Island and the place where the Factory stood formally," and in 1730 the Governor and Committee adopted the report of a sub-committee recommending the "building" of a fort at Moose River, and in September of that year the foundation stone of the new fort was laid "on the same Island where the Factory stood formally but about half a mile higher up" the river.

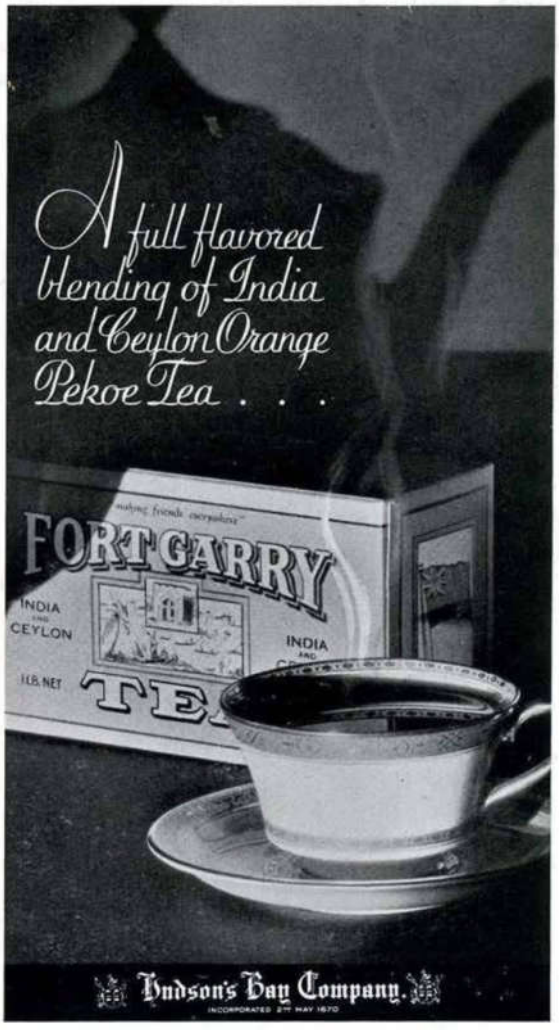
The Company have ever since maintained a post here, which has been known as "Moose Factory" throughout the period.

Captain W. Coats, one of the Company's ship's captains, in his "Geography of Hudson's Bay," states with regard to Moose Factory that "the Company, having been dispossessed by the French, demolished the original post in the beginning of King William's reign," and corroborates that the site thereafter remained unoccupied until 1730.

In 1805 the North-West Company erected a rival fort on the island at the mouth of Moose river, but this was soon abandoned, and in 1811 the Hudson's Bay Company established a sawmill here under the superintendence of Alexander Christie.

On the reorganization of the Company in 1810, Moose was established as headquarters of the southern factories, and for more than one hundred years after 1730 it was the invariable custom for one of the Company's ships sailing annually from Europe to proceed here.

Six councils of chief factors for determining the affairs of the southern department of the Company's territories were held at Moose between 1822 and 1843, the last three of which were presided over by Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief of Rupert's Land.



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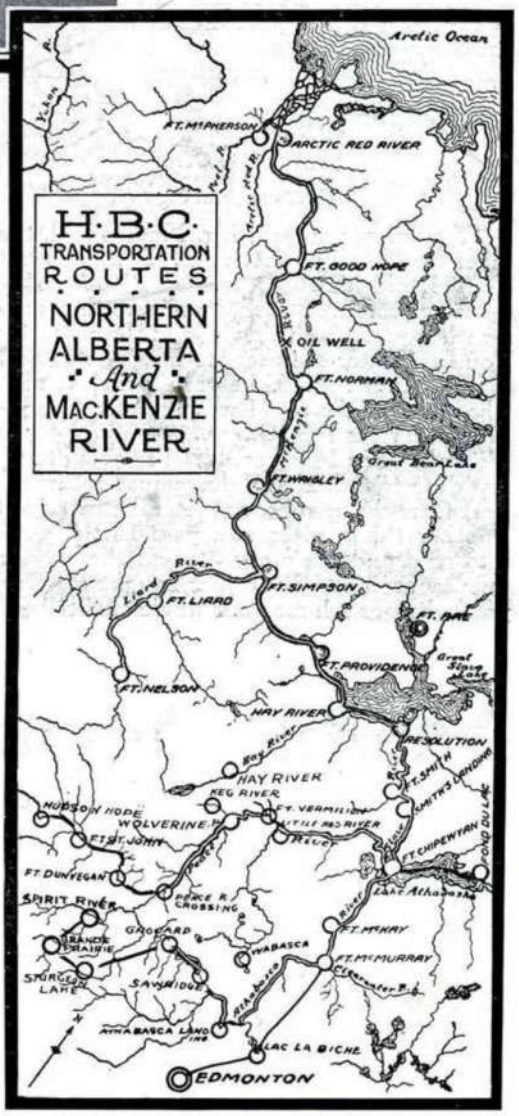
Mackenzie River Transport



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INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

Farewell to SS. Nascopie

(*Continued from Page 16*)

Mr. J. S. Kincaid and Mr. Mitchell, in responding on behalf of the guests, thanked Captain Smellie for his kind references to the services rendered by their respective companies and expressed their gratification that the Governor had found it possible, in the midst of his many engagements, to meet the guests in Ardrossan and to say goodbye to the *Nascopie* prior to her setting forth on her voyage to the Arctic.

After the luncheon, the Governor and Mr. Brooks immediately returned by car to Ayr, the return flight being commenced at 3 p.m. Oxford was reached at 6.15 p.m. thus enabling the Governor to fulfil an important engagement, Mr. Brooks proceeding to London, which was reached at 7 p.m.

Two Episodes

(*Continued from Page 40*)

"You know yourself, Mr. MacDonald, that my robes are always first-class. I handle nothing else." I told him.

He answered: "Welsh, I am sure they are good, for when you say a thing is good, I know it is good. You had better sell them to me."

I said that I would be very foolish to sell them when you might say I was in Fort Garry—only 115 miles from Fort Garry.

"Hah!" said MacDonald, "I'm going to tell you my dear friend, that I have just returned from Fort Garry. The robes are fetching no price there. Another thing, after you pass Birtle, you'll get into mud and pools of water all the way to Portage la Prairie. I have just bought a horse from you, why not sell me your whole outfit?"

I asked him what he would give me, for if the robes were worth nothing in Fort Garry, they would be worth far less here. He said:

"Welsh, take down a package of your furs; not the picked—I know you have them separated—next to the best; one bale."

I ordered my man to bring down a bale of robes from a certain cart. I put my knife into the package and cut the string. There were ten robes in each package. He examined them. I asked him how he liked them. He said if they all averaged like these he would give me $12 apiece for them. Again I asked him how he could afford to pay me $12 apiece for robes when they were worth nothing in Fort Garry. His reply was:

"My dear friend, I'm the Hudson's Bay Company. You need not sell your robes to me, of course, unless you like; but I am offering you all they are worth this year. They may be worth more next year, but you can't hold them over. The Hudson's Bay Company can hold them as long as they like. Deliver them to the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Garry, or leave them here, I will pay you $12 a robe. I'll bet you won't get more for them from any other buyer."

I asked him to give me a price on my pemmican and dried meat. He said he would buy it all, as the Company, the posts, needed some then, and pay me in goods at wholesale prices. He offered me fifteen cents a pound for pemmican and dried meat. For the furs he would pay cash. Well, that was pretty good. I decided to sell. I got $600 for the pemmican and dried meat, in trade, and for the robes $1,440 in cash. MacDonald wanted me to go back to the plains to get more pemmican for him, but I had business in Fort Garry and had to go there.

I can assure you that MacDonald was right about the roads. The traders with loads had a job. I often said to my wife, as I watched them struggling through the mud, that even if I had sold my goods to MacDonald $500 cheaper than the Fort Garry price, it still would have paid.

We got to Fort Garry. The other traders began to sell their furs. The highest price they got for their robes was $10 apiece. MacDonald was a good friend to me. He often said that he would always do what was right with me, and that I would always find him so. Mind you, MacDonald lost nothing on his trade with me. You may be sure he got a fine price for those furs. But that was alright. Business is business. I bought what stuff I wanted, and returned to Fort Ellice. This was about May. I took my dried meat money in trade.

Still Trading into Hudson Bay

(*Continued from Page 33*)

checking final arrangements and, with W. M. Ritchie, of North Bay, counting heads to make certain no one was missing.

Mr. Douglas, fresh from a fur farm inspection trip in Europe, was introducing passengers to each other and assisting them in finding their way about the ship. Among the passengers is Harold O'Neill, Sunday editor of the *Daily Home News and Sunday Times*, New Brunswick, N.J., who has made the Mackenzie river trip and whose hobby is travel in odd corners of the world. A young photographer of Montreal, Max Sauer, is making the trip as far as Churchill for the Company and the December number of *The Beaver* should contain some of his work.

At Churchill, a distinguished American journalist, Russell Owen, of the New York *Times*, will join the *Nascopie*. Mr. Owen was the *Times* correspondent with the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. He has travelled with Amundsen and, in the language of the newspaper offices, he "knows his way around." Mr. Owen will write a series of articles for the magazine section of the New York *Times* and will also contribute to forthcoming issues of *The Beaver*.

The *Nascopie* herself, as she headed down stream was a blaze of official glory. From the forepeak flew the Royal Mail flag. From the wheelhouse fluttered the Boy Scout ensign in honour of Scout Liddell, who was being carried as an award offered by the Company to the Boy Scout association for a Canadian scout of outstanding distinction. Aft, flew the Hudson's Bay Company house flag and the Red Ensign of the British Merchant Marine.

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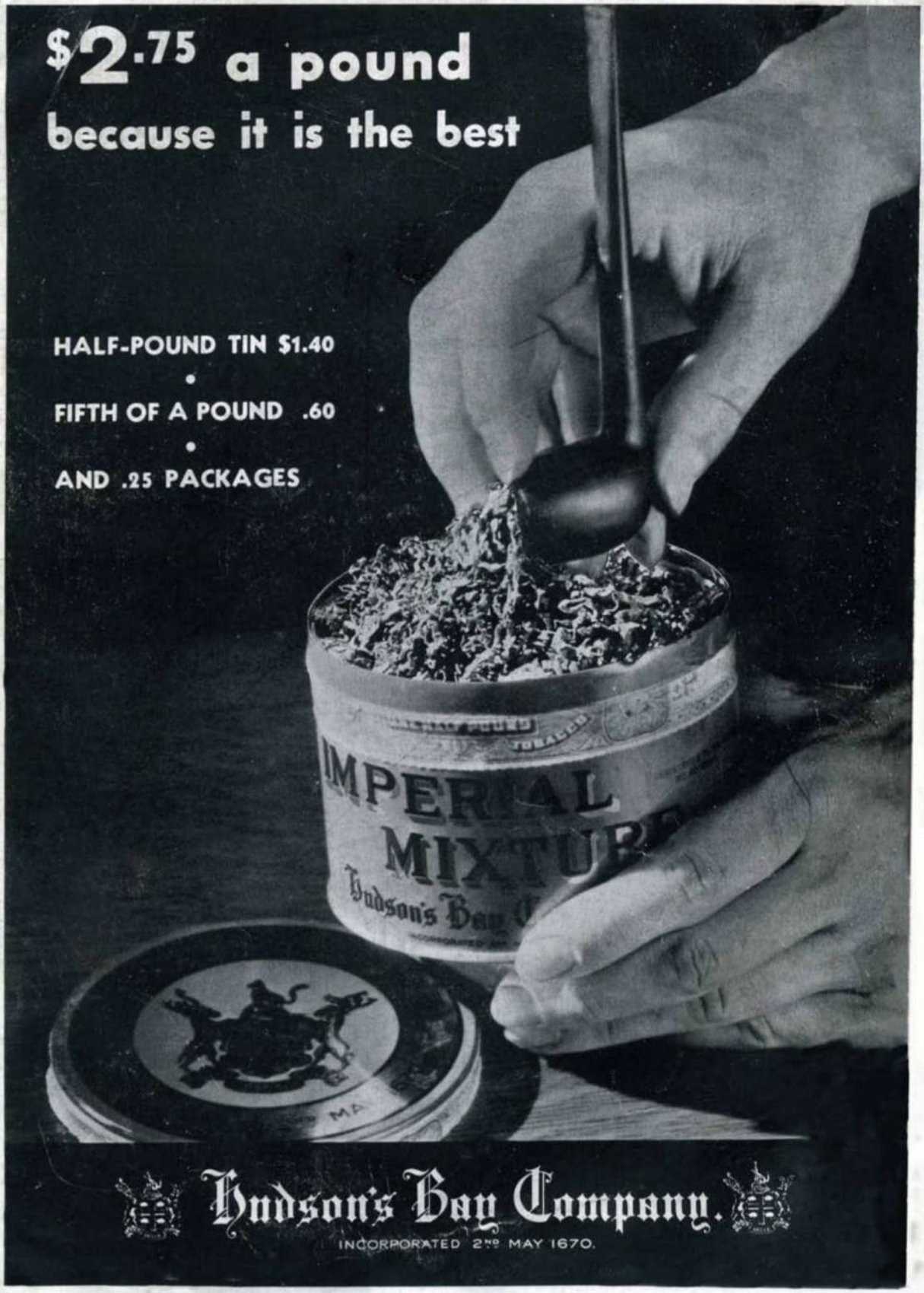
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